THE MILESTONE

1924

Conway Schultz.

Moody House 1924.

T.D.B. in football Horseshoe

Vice President Junior School.

razzberry

TO ~~HAMILTON~~

Conway Schultz

Conway Schultz

Conway Schultz 169 Ocean St Lynn Mass.

THE MILESTONE

1924

Printed in the United States
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Norwood, Mass.
1924

The Milestone

PUBLISHED BY THE

Senior Class of Dummer Academy

Leonard Munn Fowle, Jr.	Editor in Chief, Athletics
Ernest Arthur Ferdinand Travis Northrop Ingham Everit Bogert Terhune, Jr.	Business Managers
William Terhune Carpenter	Art Editor
Thomas Fraser MacLeod	Literature Editor
Edmund John Berry Andrew Eldredge Valentine	Photograph Editors
Wirt G. Faust	Faculty Adviser

SOUTH BYFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

June, 1924

Dedication

✦

To Mrs. Ingham

A lady in the mansion reigns
With hospitality and grace,
A charming hostess; this explains
The guardian spirit of the place.
A lady in the mansion reigns.

This lady in our lives holds sway,
In whom all lovely ideals blend.
To her we make our toast today,
"Gifted comrade, loyal friend."
This lady in our hearts holds sway.

MRS. INGHAM

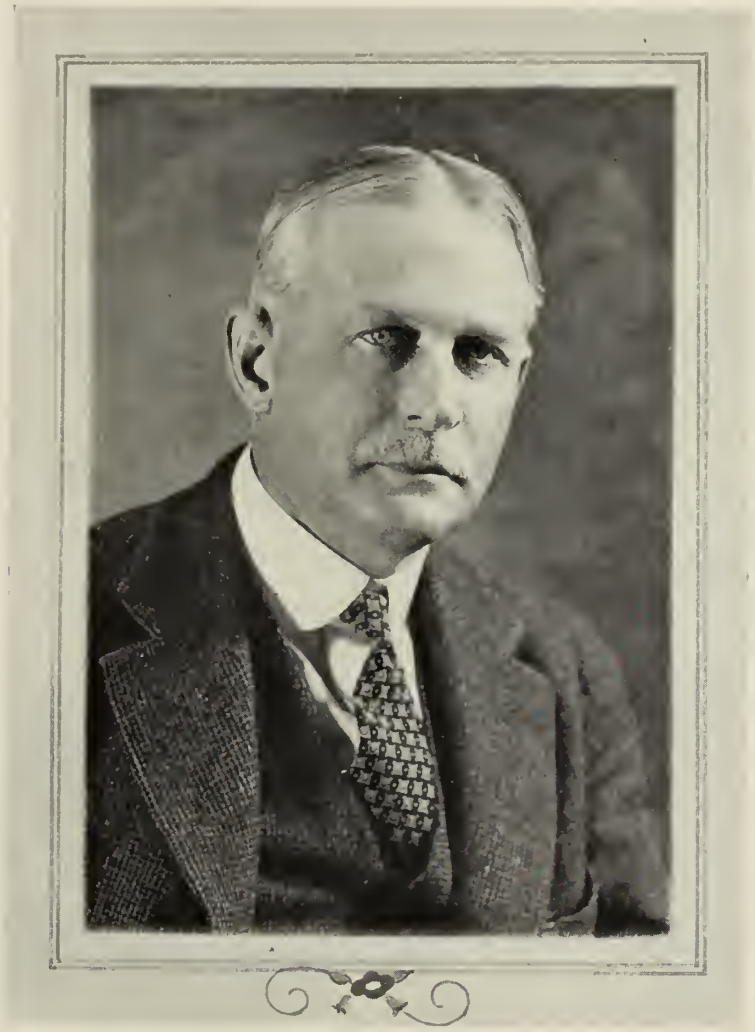
Clara R. Ingham

A SONNET

Traditions old at Dummer long prevail
Of men who wrought for school and God, and then

Drew no vainglory for themselves from men:
Others they taught to seek and find the grail,
Culture, that causes vulgar things to pale
To insignificance; taught them to rise again
O'er all discouragements within their ken:
Real men who serve their age can never fail.

In such we find today a counterpart;
Now we can carry on and trust no less
Genuine, sincere, paternal kindliness.
Headmaster, gracious in your courteous way,
Affable, scholarly, urbane in school and mart,
Much we esteem and honor you today.



CHARLES SAMUEL INGHAM, Headmaster
B. A., Yale, 1891
Ph. D., Yale, 1896

APPRECIATION

THE editors of The Milestone desire to express their appreciation to the following persons who have kindly assisted them in the publication of this book:

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Mrs. Wirt Gerry Faust
The Rev. Mr. Glenn Tilley Morse
The Rev. Mr. George Degen
Mr. Everit B. Terhune, Sr.
Roberto Alvin Ormsby Andreani, 1925
Russel Dike Hamilton, 1926

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Assistant to the Headmaster
A.B. Boston University, 1904
Mathematics
Coach of Hockey Team and Junior Athletics
Faculty Adviser for "The Archon"

WIRT GERRY FAUST

A.B. University of Wisconsin, 1915
Harvard 1921–1922
English
Master of Moody House
Faculty Adviser for "The Milestone"
School Librarian

FRANCIS JOSEPH REAGEN

Bates, 1914
Lowell Normal School
Junior School Instructor
Coach of Baseball and Basket Ball
Master of Pierce Hall

PHILIP BALDWIN SKERRYE

Harvard, 1920
History, Gymnastics

WILBERT BANCROFT SKERRYE

A.B. Brown University, 1919
Harvard Medical School
French, Latin
Coach of Track Team

STEPHEN WEBBER

Harvard, 1921
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Mathematics, Science, Mechanical Drawing
Master of the Commons

WALTER A. COMERFORD

Ph. B. Boston College, 1923
Coach of Football

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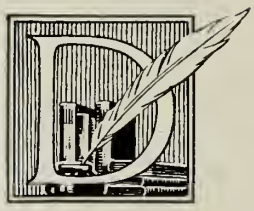
Miss Emma J. C. Robinson, School Nurse
Smith College, 1899



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Ernest Arthur Ferdinand	Vice-President
Travis Northrop Ingham	Secretary-Treasurer
William Terhune Carpenter	Historian

Everit B. Terhune Jr.

EVERIT BOGERT TERHUNE, JR.

"Terry"

"Great depth have I, greater than you think."
—Dr. Johnson.

Entered School 1920. Preparing for Harvard
Second Team Football, '21
Varsity Hockey, '21, '22, '23
Captain, '24
Archon Board, '21, '22
Varsity Football, '22, '23
Captain, '23
Orchestra Manager, '23, '24
Junior Prom. Committee, '23
President Upper Middle Class
Associated Harvard Club Prize, '23
Student Council, '23–'24
President Senior Class, '23–'24
Prefect Senior Dormitory, '23, '24
Business Manager, "Milestone," '24
Dramatic Club, '24
Senior Prom. Committee, '24

ERNEST ARTHUR FERDINAND

"Ferdie"

"I am Monarch of all I survey."—Cowper.

Entered School, 1921. Preparing for Dartmouth
Varsity Football, '21, '22, '23
Track Captain, '22
Team, '21, '23, '24
Relay Captain, '22
Baseball, '22, '23, '24
Tennis Singles, '22; Doubles, '22
Basket Ball, '22, '23, '24
Junior Prom. Committee, '23
Student Council, '23–'24
Senior Prom. Committee, '24
Business Manager and Treasurer, "Milestone," '24
Vice-President Senior Class, '23–'24

Ernest A. Ferdinand

TRAVIS NORTHROP INGHAM

"Trav."

"An amiable soul wears well."—Anon.

Entered School, 1913; Preparing for Yale
Junior Football Team, '18, '19, '20
Junior Basket Ball Team, '19–'20; Manager, '21
Junior Track Team, '18, '19, '20, '21
Junior Baseball Team, '18, '19, '20, '21
Second Football Team, '21
Second Baseball Team, '22
Football Manager, '22
Baseball Squad, '23
Track Team, '21, '22; Captain, '23, '24
Relay Team, '22, '23
Tennis Doubles, '21
Winner Ambrose Prize Speaking Contest, '22
Archon Board, '22; Editor, '23–'24
Secretary-Treasurer, Senior Class, '23–'24
Student Council, '23–'24
Manager School Store, '22–'23 and '23–'24
President Dramatic Club, '24
Business Manager, "Milestone," '24

WILLIAM TERHUNE CARPENTER

"Carp."

"Above the vulgar flight of common souls."
—Arthur Murphy.

Entered School, 1921. Preparing for Williams
Second Team Football, '21
Archon Board, '21–'22
Football Squad, '23
Moody Kent Prize in Modern Languages, '23
Dramatic Club, '24
Assistant Librarian, '23–'24
Art Editor, "Milestone," '24
Class Historian, '24

Edmund J. Berry

EDMUND JOHN BERRY

"Whostle"

"Doubtless God could have made a better Berry, but doubtless God never did."—Isaak Walton.

Entered School, 1921. Preparing for Amherst
Baseball Squad, '22, '23
Basket Ball Squad, '23
Football Squad, '23
Archon Board, '24
Photograph Editor, "Milestone," '24

NEAL ROGERS BOYD

"The Flying Parson"

"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."
—Young.

Entered School, 1923. Preparing for Dartmouth
Football Team, '23
Track Team, '24
Glee Club, '23–'24

Neal R. Boyd

Edward W. Fitzsimmons

EDWARD WILLIAM FITZSIMMONS

"Fits"

"I have taken my fun where I've found it."
—Kipling.

Entered School, January, 1924. Preparing for Tufts
Basket Ball Team, '24
Orchestra, '24
Dramatic Club, '24
Baseball, '24
Invitation Committee, Moody House Dance

Leonard M. Fowle Jr.

LEONARD MUNN FOWLE, JR.

"Skipper"

"Ever insurgent let me be."—Untermeyer.

Entered School, 1922. Preparing for Harvard
Manager of Golf Team, '23
Manager of Upper Middle Class, '23
Basket Ball Manager, '24
Hockey Squad, '24
Editor of Archon, '23–'24
Dramatic Club, '24
First Prize, "Milestone" Short Story Contest, '24
Editor-in-Chief, Athletics Editor, "Milestone," '24

Takanao Kuki
九鬼隆尚

TAKANAO KUKI

"Ku"

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."
—Fielding.

Entered School, 1923. Preparing for Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Track Squad, '24
Baseball Squad, '24

THOMAS FRASER MACLEOD

"Tommy"

"To bring in—Heaven shield us!—a lion among women is a most dreadful thing."
—Shakespeare.

Entered School, 1923
Football Team, '23
Basket Ball Team, '24
Hockey Team, '24
Literature Editor, "Milestone," '24
Prefect of Moody House
Music Committee, Moody House Dance
Track Squad, '24
Baseball Squad, '24

Tommy MacLeod

JOHN BOURNE MOSELEY

"Mose"

"He's tough, ma'am,—tough is J. B.; tough and devilish sly."—Dickens.

Entered School, 1922
Second Team Football, '22
Day Student

ALEXANDER BRIMMER MULHOLLAND

"Mully"

"The man who smokes thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan."—Bulwer Lytton.

Entered School, 1919. Preparing for Bowdoin
Second Football Team, '21
Manager Baseball, '22
Ambrose Prize in Declamation, '23
Mandolin Club, '21
Track Squad, '20, '21
Second Team Baseball, '21
Hockey Squad, '23
President Smoking Club, '24

Andrew E. Valentine

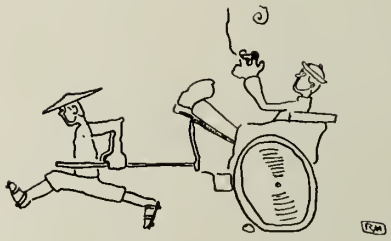
ANDREW ELDRIDGE VALENTINE

"Val"

"And thou art long, and lank, and brown
As is the ribbed sea-sand."

—Coleridge.

Entered School, 1923. Preparing for Norwich
Football Squad, '23
Track Squad, '24
Class Basket Ball, '23–'24
Baseball Squad, '24
Photograph Editor, "Milestone," '24



SENIOR OUTLINE OF HISTORY

WHILE in Singapore during my sojourn from school last autumn I had a very amazing experience. Now amazing experiences, it seems to me, rarely happen at Dummer, though often in Singapore or for that matter in any place east of Suez. This incident quite delighted me. I have no special sympathy with people who every so often consult a clairvoyant or astrologer or lay everything that happens to them on fate; nevertheless, whether I was visited with delirium or hallucinations at the time, I will leave it to you.

Some friends I met there inveigled me to go and see an old Hindu fortune teller who was quite the craze among European residents at the time. The first thing I knew I was in some dirty den with a little old crooked brown man bending over a crystal globe. And let me tell you before I left the place I believed in that queer Oriental belief of reincarnation that the Hindus and other Eastern people rave about. I believed we all once belonged to another age; that I or you or anybody might have been Nebuchadnezzar or Napoleon or some nut of the Pre-Volsted days. When I was asked whom I wanted to see in the magic ball, the first thing I wanted to see was our class; that is, each member as he was. I was satisfied and I will endeavor to reveal to you what was revealed to me by the obscure arts and sciences of the East.

I remember the old fogy passing his gaunt, claw-like hands several times over the globe, muttering Arabic or Chinese or some tongue-twisters. An inward glow became apparent within the crystal ball and things began to happen. The past unrolled, the present faded away. I became a spectator of various scenes.

First I beheld a prehistoric forest, deep, tangled, and unearthly. Uncouth creatures crawled or climbed about the wild landscape; antediluvian monsters, of which I caught glimpses, crashed about in the vicinity in search for prey. I became aware of an ape-like man in the picture. His unkempt hair and beard fell to his waist. Under a bushy pair of eyebrows two fierce eyes glared. Below them was a short, gorilla-like snout and a savage mouth. Uttering a few guttural grunts, he shouldered a bludgeon and slunk off presumably in search of mastodon meat. I was not long in determining that this was "Mose," primevally. I marvelled at what the mutability of years had done to this brute-like creature, now such a gentleman of polish and intellect.

The next scene presented was a hanging garden of ancient Babylon. On a terrace planted with tropical trees, where expensive peacocks strutted about, was held the court *al fresco* of an Eastern monarch. Purple silk canopies were stretched from tree to tree while rich carpets were spread over the greensward. On an ivory throne sat the king surrounded by

cringing slaves. His trappings were gold and blazed with gems. His hair was twisted into long ringlets, his beard carefully groomed, in fact he was a very expensive looking *objet d'art.* He was chastising his cowering vassals with a tyrannous tongue. Evidently his word was law. It was scarcely difficult to recognize this Chaldean despot as our own "king" and leader "Ferdie."

Another scene materialized before me. I saw a broad plain with mountains beyond on whose sides gleamed white temples and marble shrines. In the distance a figure approached at a rapid pace. Drawing nearer my line of vision it took on the semblance of a runner. It was a young man whose agility was deer-like and whose celerity was that of a racing car. I made his features out to be those of "Trav," the originator of the Marathon race, who brought the tidings of a Greek victory to Athens.

Next—a Norwegian vessel ploughing over the waves. Above a fantastically carved prow stood a tall young Viking looking over the broad blue sea. His armor flashed in the northern sun and the salt spray beat upon his haughty face imprinting upon it the indelible signs of a blush that should remain permanent through out his life. This was "Boydie," it could be no other. The scene faded.

I was in the desert under a tropical sun. Over the sandy horizon galloped a band of Arabian horsemen, their snowy robes flying behind. At their head was a veritable sheik, swathed in bizarre raiment, be-turbaned, brandishing a wicked, curved scimeter and letting forth eerie war whoops. Here was "Tommy," on a marauding expedition searching for a new prize for his harem, full of the zest of the hunt.

A cloud of dust obscured the scene. When all had cleared I beheld a wild scene of revelry. In an enormous hall lined with gilded pillars was held an elaborate banquet of the days of the Caesars. Here present were the jeunesse doree, the flaming youth, and all the "good fellows" of Rome. Lolling on inlaid couches in attitudes of abandon (and perhaps inebriation) were these happy-go-lucky carousers, encircled with garlands, plucking at the appetizing victuals or listening to the barbaric sounds of a classical jazz band. At the head of the table reclined the emperor, the life of the party, wreathed and in purple robes. He was very pleased with his gay surroundings and liberally joined in the rites to Bacchus. The face of this enthusiastic host bore a striking likeness to "Fitz."

This orgy faded from view and I beheld a long, winding road. There approached a glittering cavalcade of armoured men. An imposing procession was this; fluttering pennons, flashing lances, all the color of medieval pageantry. This band of brave knights were none other than the Crusaders setting out for the Holy Land. At the head on a spirited white horse rode a noble knight bearing a banner of the cross. As he came into

nearer view I discerned the features of "Terry" beneath the plumed helmet. This inspiring vision vanished to be succeeded by another.

In a fairy-like Japanese garden sat a young man beneath a wistaria vine. He was engrossed in a difficult task. At closer scrutiny I saw that he was engraving figures on a thin sheet of ivory. This was the complicated art of calendar making. However, this *samurai* could be no one but our friend from the Orient, Kuki.

The next view was that of the facade of a stately castle. The drawbridge had been lowered over the moat and three persons were advancing from the gates. Two of them were royal guards in clinking mail and the coat-of-arms emblazoned on their breasts. The third person was being escorted by them rather forcibly out of the castle. He was a jester in cap-and-bells and giddy rags. I easily discerned the jovial countenance of "Val," grinning and undismayed by his rude removal from the king's presence, whose wrath probably had been incurred by one of our friend's antiquated "wisecracks."

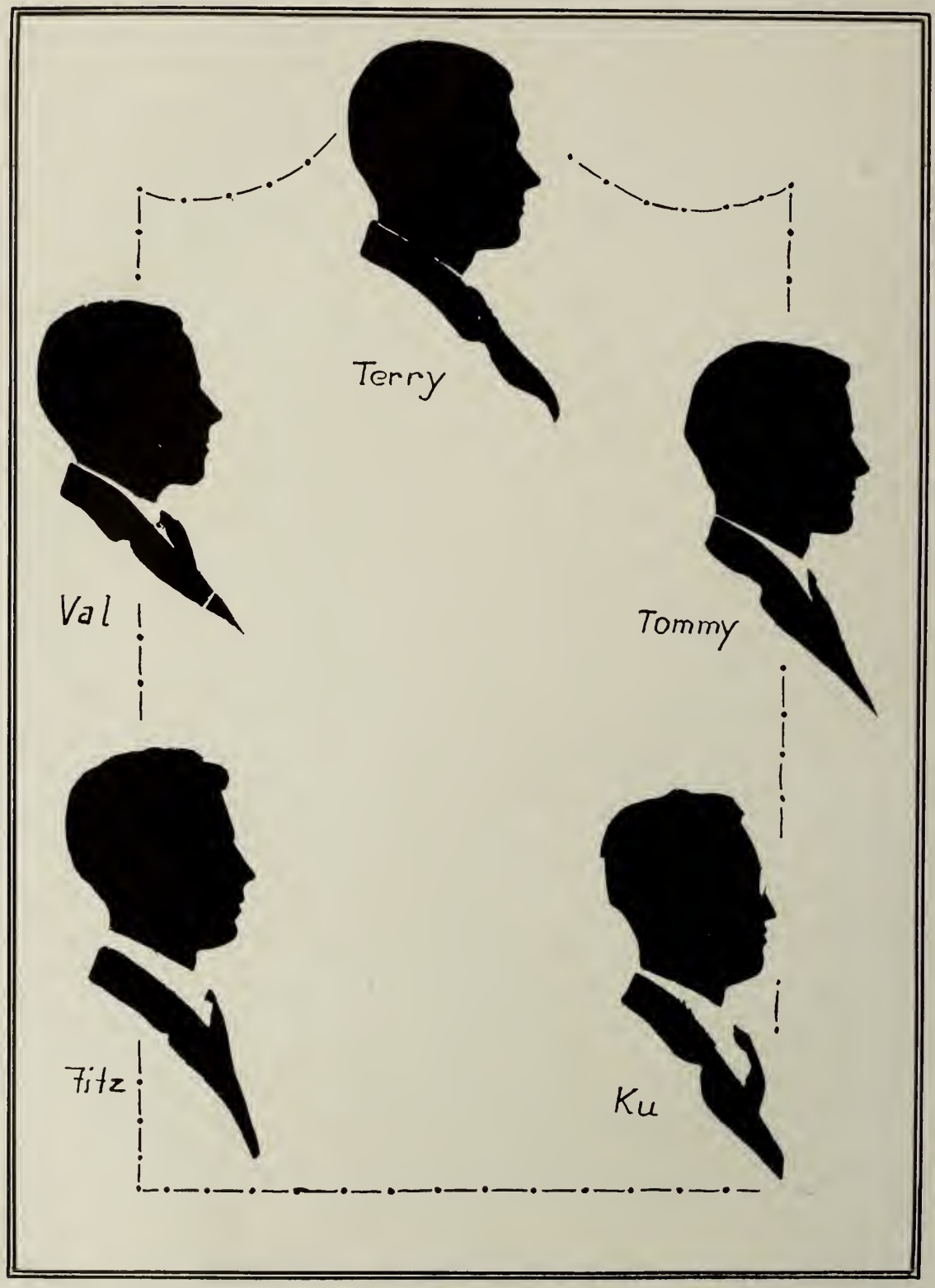
Again the bounding main. A black ship loomed in view. From its mast flew a black flag picturing the ominous skull-and-bones. On board, stumping about on his wooden leg, was a very formidable gentleman. A red rag about his head, earrings, a sash bristling with horrible weapons, arms tattooed, withal a demoniacal aspect, this personage was in the act of making some poor devil walk the plank. It was difficult for me to come to the conclusion that this blustering pirate was none other than good old "Mully," with his gentle disposition and his mild manners.

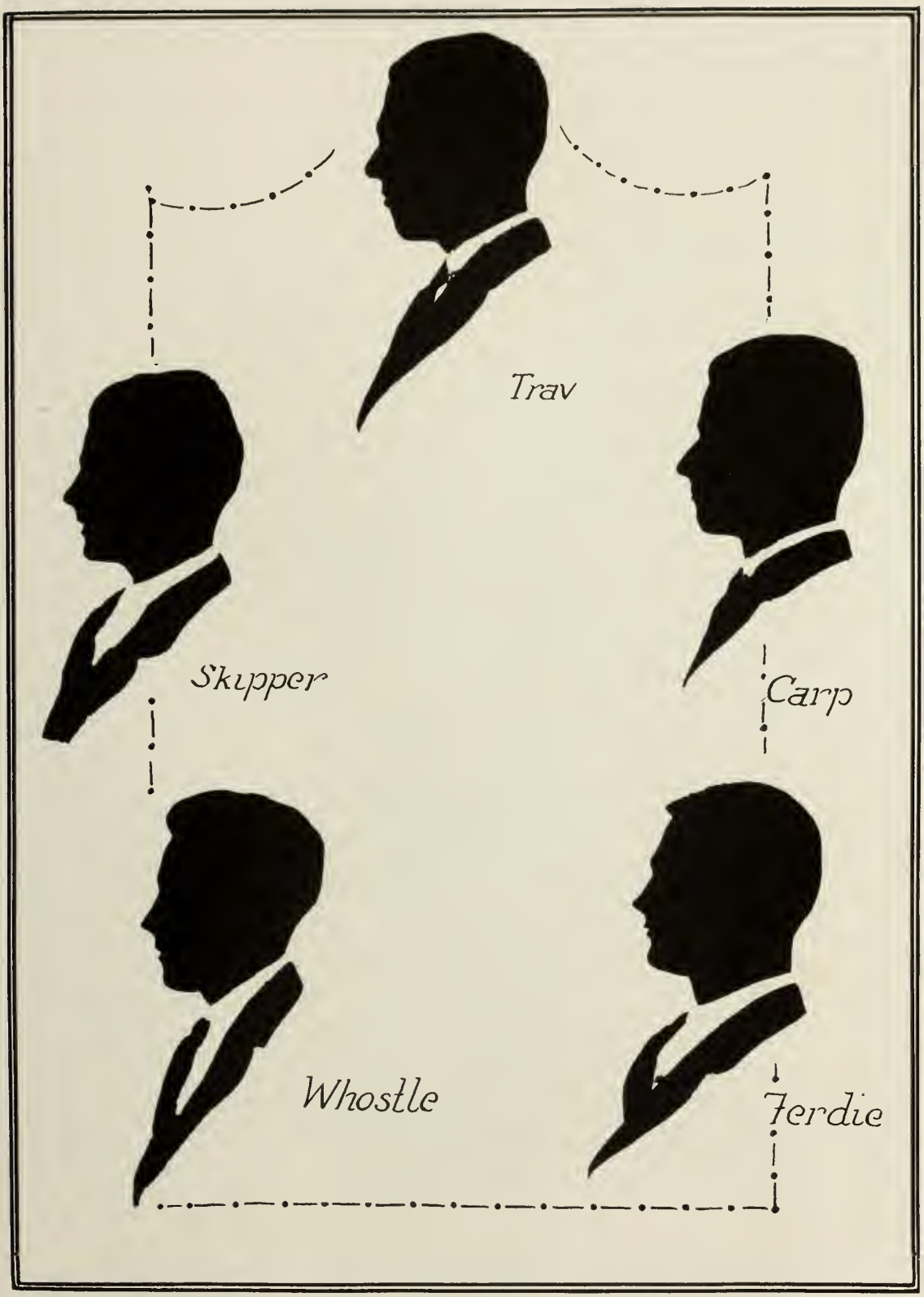
Now the streets of Paris. The high tide of the French Revolution flowed before my eyes. An angry flushed mob filled a square. Above the sea of heads towered the guillotine; below it was a blood-drenched platform. The sickening knife fell . . . another head rolled into the basket. On the platform before this engine of death, a wildly-gesticulating youth was haranguing the rabble. His eyes flashing, hair disheveled, voice quivering, he was the embodiment of fury. This ardent young radical was "Lem" Fowle in his heyday.

The light in the globe died out; the last picture was blotted out in a swirl of vapour. I knew I was to see no more.

Paying the venerable Hindu, I left his den in a daze and wandered down the crowded by-ways of Singapore in a coma, colliding into people right and left. When I came to my senses, I resolved to remember this queer incident for the benefit of my classmates. And so, with malice towards none, I set down these enlightening and significant disclosures for the aforesaid classmates, trusting that they shall not doubt my invaluable information.

W. T. C., '24.


Terry
Val
Tommy
Fitz
Ku


Trav
Skipper
Carp
Whostle
Ferdie

CLASS PROPHECY

I

IT was the fall after Commencement. I was seated at an open fire and had finished an absorbing tale, fantastic and unreal.

I heaved the book on the table with a sigh and gazed into the dancing flames, my eyes heavy and my senses numbed by the enveloping warmth of the fire. Strange, eerie shapes swarmed before me, characters of the story I had read, about a dare devil Yankee of this age hurled back to a by-gone day when King Arthur reigned in Britain, and glittering knights rode forth for the Holy Grail.

The idea of living in another age thrilled me; I was seized with an obsession to dwell again in the past or, better still, in the future. Vainly I craved a mystical potion to drink that would waft me into new surroundings and tear away the veils that hide tomorrow.

This crazy meditation was interrupted by a furtive noise behind me. Stealthy footsteps stole upon me. I was paralyzed. I heard a *swish* above me, the passage of a heavy object in the air and a stunning blow was dealt me on the head.

Blackness followed and the years rolled on . . .

II

Awaking I experienced the same sensations as had that distinguished gentleman of yore, Rip Van Winkle. A flowing beard covered my chest, my clothes were in a state of decay, and my poor bones were as stiff as those of a centenarian. I arose and shook off a veritable cloud of dust and cobwebs. Hobbling out of the house, I enquired of a passerby what year it was. He gave me a quizzical look and told me it was 1944. I was mildly astonished for I had steeled myself for the worst.

The air was full of buzzing although I saw no bees. However, I discovered this phenomenon was caused by the vibration of hundreds of airships above me. A small aircraft swooped down and lighted near me. A man jumped out whom I recognized as "Ed" Fitzsimmons, one of my former classmates. I approached him and finally won his recognition. He was a dealer in *Mercury* airplanes ("the Ford of the Air"). Moreover he was a bootlegger, to my immense surprise.

I asked him where the rest of our old classmates were and found he was very well informed, they all being his customers.

"Did you hear," he said, "that our old friend 'Mully' is the captain of the *Levi Nathan*?"

"What's that?" I asked.

"Why, it's the largest ocean liner in the world. It completes the voyage from New York to Liverpool in twenty-three and a half hours. And Lem Fowle is first mate."

"The skipper!" I exclaimed.

"You bet," said "Fitz," "and moreover 'Lem' has attained distinction by the publication of his third book of poems; blank verse at that. His nom-de-plume is Sandbug."

"Remarkable," I replied. "What about 'Terry'? Seems to me I've lost track of him for the last twenty years."

"Oh yes, Terhune," said "Fitz," reflecting, "why, man, he's the American ambassador to England. Oh, yes! He and the Prince of Wales are very clubby, don't y' know; they play golf together all the time. I think 'Terry' beat the Prince in the last round so the old thing is going to take up polo. They spent the last week end at the King of Czecho-Govina's palace. You know Ernest I, head of the House of Ferdinandoff, our old friend 'Ferdie'? Yes, the Czecho-Govinians got hold of him and elected him sovereign. He's quite the berries of a king!"

Evidently this famous bit of vernacular had clung to "Fitz" throughout the years.

"Tell me," I asked, "what church does Neal Boyd preach at? I need a little religion after two decades of religious abstinence."

"Church!" ejaculated "Fitz," with a grin. "Why, the last time I heard of Boydie was when he was running a dance hall at Mobile. He's got the slickest gambling joint south of Mason and Dixon's line. Boydie's quite a snake."

A little bit taken back by this most startling information, I lapsed into silence. "Fitz" went on talking.

"Saw a good movie last night. It was produced by Berry and Valentine, the biggest cinema producers of Hollywood. This picture starred Tommy MacLeod in a revival of that ancient masterpiece 'The Sheik.' *Can* that boy make love? ? !"

I made a mental note to see it if my aged bones would land me in the theatre.

"Another feature of the show was a lecture by Travis Ingham, president of Yale University. He spoke on 'Vergil and His Contemporaries.' Very interesting."

"I certainly shan't miss it," said I. "By the way, where is old J. B. Mosely?"

"At Sing-Sing," replied Fitzsimmons, sadly; "his 'air fliv' ran into a transcontinental airship last night. It was the third offense of his. He survived the House of Correction."

"And Kuki?" asked I, wishing to change the subject.

"Oh, 'Takhoma' Kuki is a member of the diplomatic corps. At Washington now I guess. Well, I must beat it. Won't you come along? See how you like my Mercury."

I was soon soaring over the rooftops, comfortably ensconced in the trim little plane with "Fitz" by my side. We glided on through space surrounded by many other aircrafts going this way and that. We had been traveling for five or ten minutes when "Fitz" declared he was going to show me a trick. The nose of the "Mercury" pointed down suddenly, I lurched from my seat taken wholly off my guard and consequently off my balance. With a sickening sensation I hurtled down through the air, twisting and twisting. Hitting the ground with a dull thud (also sickening), daylight was jolted out of me.

III

Of course I came to in the usual place, by the fire, with a splitting headache. Only two hours had elapsed. When my befogged senses cleared I realized the fact that my watch and sundry valuables had been stolen. Evidently stolen, for a window was open behind the chair in which I had sat and a bludgeon lay on the floor nearby. I had no hard feelings for the dishonest intruder, for he had given me the revelation of the future. True or false, it shall mean a lot to me.

W. T. C., '24.

CLASS QUESTIONAIRE

HONORARY ELECTIONS

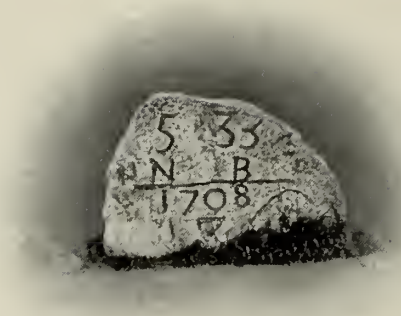
Most Respected Master	W. J. Farrell
Most Popular Master	P. B. Skerrye
Done Most for Dummer	E. B. Terhune, Jr.
Done Most for Class	L. M. Fowle, Jr.
Best All Round Fellow	E. B. Terhune, Jr.
Best Athlete	E. A. Ferdinand
Done Most Outside Athletics	L. M. Fowle, Jr.

CLASS ELECTIONS

I Love Me	Ferdinand
Handsomest	Moseley
Biggest Drag	Ferdinand
Class Spendthrift	Ingham
Cleverest	Carpenter
Class Bluffer	MacLeod
Class Blusher	Boyd
Class Dude	Terhune
Class Politician	Mulholland
Most Collegiate	Terhune
Best Natured	Mulholland
Nerviest	Berry
Quietest	Berry
Class Bull Thrower	Mulholland
Class Ladies' Man	Carpenter
Class Woman Hater	Berry
Best Dancer	Mulholland
Most Studious	Valentine

OUTSIDE ELECTIONS

Most Popular Boys' School	Pinkerton (?)
Most Popular Girls' School	Bradford
Most Popular College	Antioch
Most Popular Novel	The Plastic Age
Most Popular Play	One Kiss
Most Popular Movie	Flaming Youth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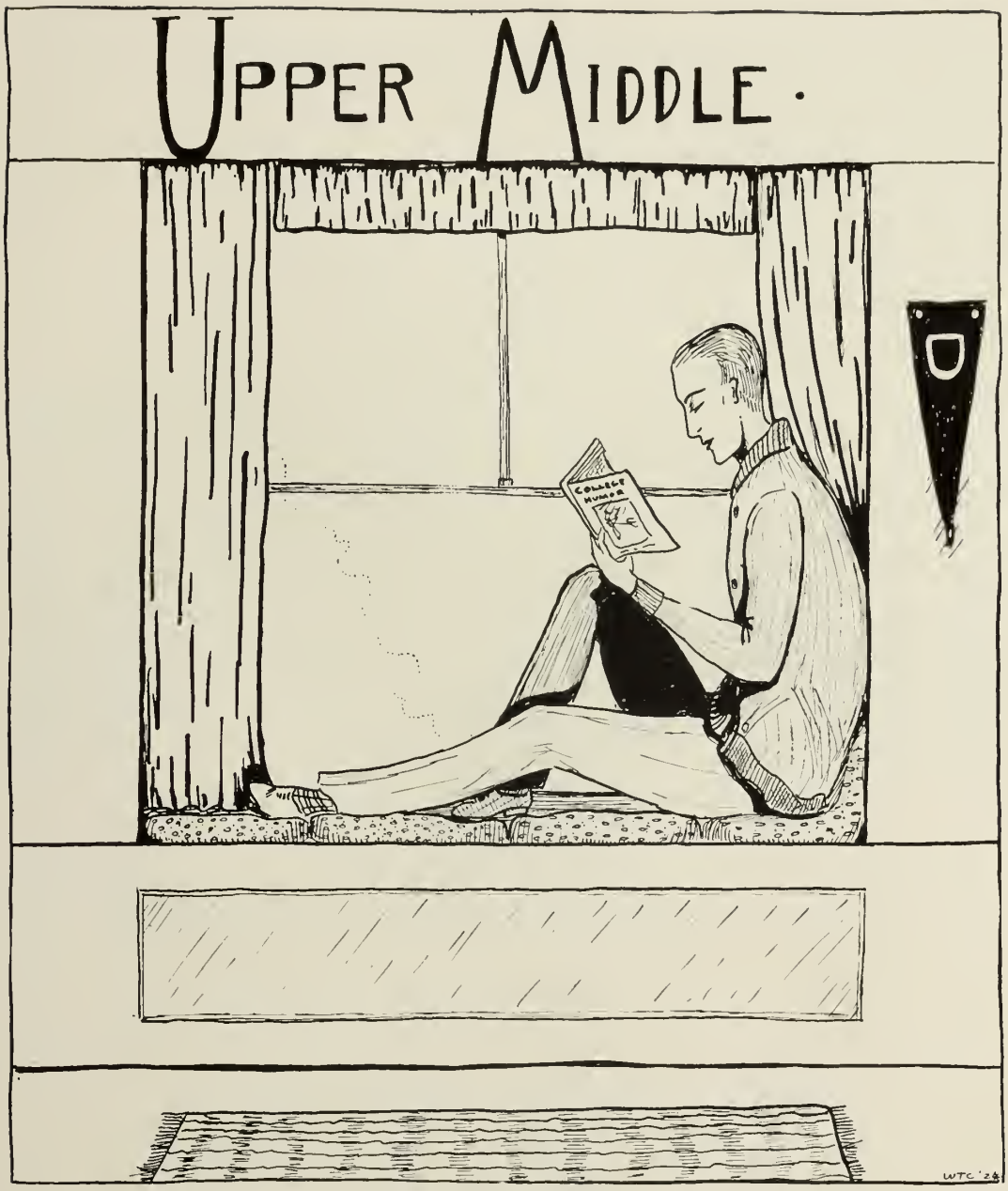


UPPER MIDDLE CLASS

John Winthrop Hinds ..... President
Albert Winslow Horr, Jr. ..... Vice-President
Paul Capron, Jr. ..... Secretary-Treasurer
Cyrus Farley Morse ..... Historian

HISTORY OF UPPER MIDDLE CLASS

THE first meeting of the Upper Middle Class was conducted by Mr. Webber, our counselor. "Doc" Hinds was the only member found worthy to fill the presidential vacancy. "Al" Horr was elected his noble assistant. "Pep" Capron was elected secretary and treasurer and C. F. Morse Class Historian. The class was represented on the Student Council by Hinds and Horr.

The class boasts of many letter men. Football D's were awarded to Hinds rhb, Albertson lhb, Capron fb, Walkley lhb, Whalen lt, H. Stone lg, Kenney rg, and Manager J. E. Morse. Hockey D's were awarded to Albertson, Edson and Manager C. F. Morse; Track D's to Hinds, Whalen and Manager Andreani; Basket ball D's to Capt. Hinds and Whalen. A second team basket ball D was awarded to Horr. The class has several promising baseball candidates.

It is seldom that a Dummer student thinks of the Upper Middle Class

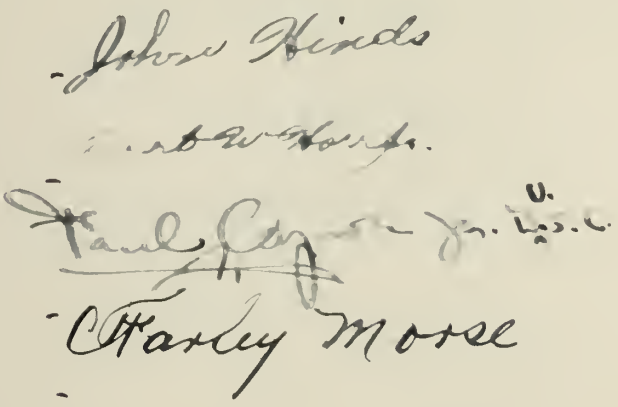
athletes without vivid memory of the overwhelming defeat which the class basket ball team handed to the Senior Class team by a score of 47 to 22.

J. E. Morse and Watkins belong to the well-known Dummer Smoking Club. No one else in the class ever smokes. Whalen, Edson, Flye and J. E. Morse blend their musical talent with that of several other less noted musicians to form the Dummer Orchestra. Capron honors the Archon staff by filling the position of Associate Editor. The Milestone Editors have drafted into their service one member of our class, Roberto Andreani, who is busy helping furnish the Year Book with cartoons. Several members of our class have made the Honor Roll of the school at various times, including Edson, Capron, C. F. Morse and Ray who has led the entire school in scholastic standing more than once. Capron has been assistant librarian throughout the year and has won second prize in the Milestone Short Story Contest with his story "All's Well." Kenney has brought honor to the class by his work in music and dramatics during the year. He is a member of the Dramatic Club and has taken leading parts in plays that have been given.

And now we come to the most important event of the year, the Junior Promenade. It gives promise of being the most joyful, colorful, festive, salubrious, supermeligorgious occasion of the whole year. The committee for the dance is Hinds, chairman, J. E. Morse and Casgrain.

This is the class for which Dummer Academy has waited since 1763.

C. F. M.



LOWER MIDDLER

LOWER MIDDLE CLASS

Nils Fosberg . . . . . President
Gerald May . . . . . Vice-President
George Lewis Phillips . . . . . Secretary-Treasurer

HISTORY OF LOWER MIDDLE CLASS

LAST year the class elected for its officers, Nils E. Forsberg, President; Gerald May, Vice-President; George L. Phillips, Secretary. The class had several meetings during the year but nothing of importance occurred. The members of the class this year are as follows:

Reid D. Allen, nicknamed "Al." He went out for track but unfortunately had the mumps and was forced to give up athletics. He also sang on the school glee club.

Lee D. Bowman, called "Bo" for short. Bowman was assistant manager of football, '23 and a member of the hockey team, '23–'24.

Daniel A. Brown, known as "Dan" Brown, has been a member of the Honor Roll nearly every month. He is a day student and therefore does not take an active part in the school's athletics.

Homer E. Casgrain, whom we call "Cas," was a member of Dummer's second football team, '22 and was a member of the first team, '23. He was

a member of the hockey team, '22–'23 and '23–'24; assistant manager of baseball, '23; and a member of the Orchestra, '23–'24.

Royal D. Chandler, "Chan" for short, was a member of the football squad, '23. He played center on Dummer's second team in basket ball, '23–'24.

Nils E. Forsberg, alias "Swede," is a member of the Student Council, '23–'24 and has been on the football team two years, '22–'23 and is captain elect for '24. He was a member of the hockey squad, '22–'23 and a member of the team, '23–'24. He was a member of last year's baseball team, '23 and a member of the basket ball team, '23–'24. He missed his track letter for '23–'24 by one point.

Gerald May, or "Jerry," is a member of the Student Council, '23–'24. He received his letters on the Junior football team during two years, '22 and '23. He was a member of the Junior basket ball squad, '22–'23 and a member of the team in '23–'24. May received the English prize last year at commencement for being the best English student in school and has been on the school Honor Roll at various times during the year.

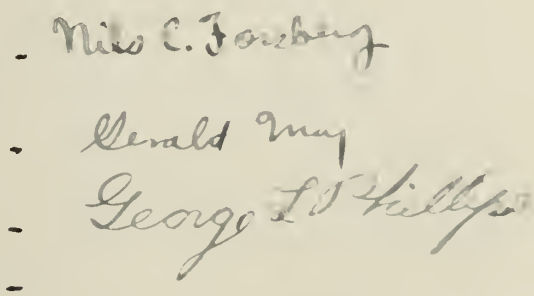
George L. Phillips, "Slim," was a member of the Student Council, '23–'24. He was manager of the Junior baseball, '22 and business manager of the Archon, '23–'24. He received letters in Junior football in '22 and '23 and was on the Junior basket ball squad, '23–'24.

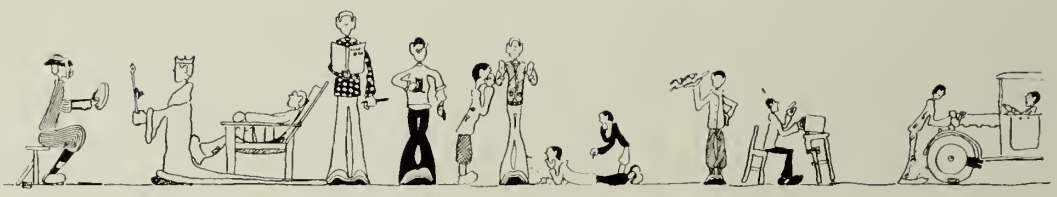
Norman Schultz, "Shylock," was a member of the football squad, '23. He became a member of the hockey team, '23–'24.

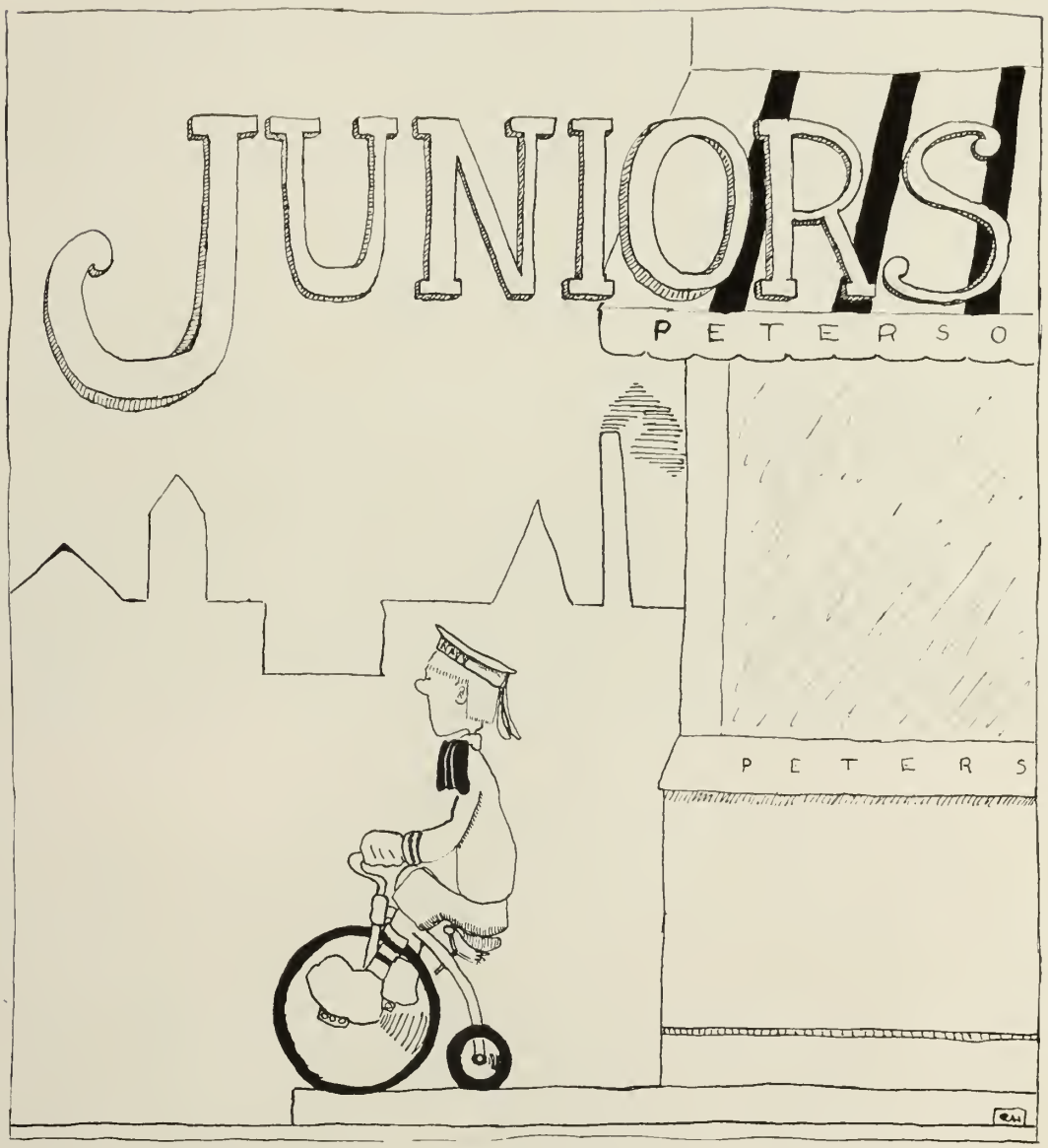
Ralph E. Sleeper, "Jim, Jr.," was a member of the Junior football team, '22 and was on the Junior baseball team, '22. He received his letter for the Junior basket ball team, '23–'24 and was one of the squad, '22–'23

James L. Stone, "Jimmy," was captain of the Junior football team, '23 and a member of the team in '22. He was a member of the Junior track squad, '21–'22. He was out for basket ball, '23–'24, but the mumps prevented his making any showing.

G. L. P.







JUNIOR CLASS

Phillips Glover Terhune	President
Ronald Robie Sloane	Vice-President
Elvin Hathaway Cox	Secretary-Treasurer
John Philip English	Historian

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

AFTER one hundred and sixty years of trial Dummer has at last obtained the perfect class, according to each Freshman. The class entered school this fall and for the first few weeks was completely lost in the whirlpools of inexperience. Now we have recovered from the K. O.'s of the midyears and are approaching our Sophomore year when we hope to look down on all brats with sneering contempt. The class was organized, Terhune being elected President; Sloane, Vice-President; Cox, Secretary and Treasurer; English, Historian.

The class members have practically all been successful in some kind of school work. "Jimmie" Budgell received a Junior football letter this year for playing guard. "Governor" Cox was the star guard of the Junior basket ball team and is now wearing the coveted letter for being such. "Johnnie" English won his letter for playing half-back on the Junior football team and served two terms on the Moody House Governing Committee. "Fat" Hall also wears a J. D. R. for playing guard on both football and

basket ball teams. "Eb" Jackson played tackle on the Juniors and will tell you so himself. The most we can say for Adolph Louis Matthes is that he is very neat, has a nice name and was on the Varsity track squad. "Mac" McKinney was also on the Varsity track squad and wears a basket ball letter for playing on the Junior team. When Casgrain left school, "Mac" became baseball manager and has served the team heroically. "Pinkie" Sloane won a Junior football letter and served one month on the Governing Committee of Moody House. "Terry" Terhune, brother of the highly esteemed Senior president, is our president and also tackle on the Junior football team. "Wild Bill" or "Cacti Bill" Cadigan is large in the greatest sense of the word. He played on the second basket ball team. "Ham" Hamburger is a big fellow but seems to be just not quite good enough for any first teams and too big for a Junior team. "Dewdrop" or "Hero" Flanders is quite an athlete and sports Junior letters for football and basket ball.

In dramatics the members of our class have done rather more than their bit. Sloane made a graceful "Reuben" in the play given at the village church; and Budgell, J. English and Terhune, all had important parts in "The Golden Doom."

Our class has not had so many representatives on the Honor Roll each month as it should have had, but by the time we are Seniors we will doubtless show the school what a high quality of classwork really is. Sloane has been on the Honor Roll three times and Terhune twice.

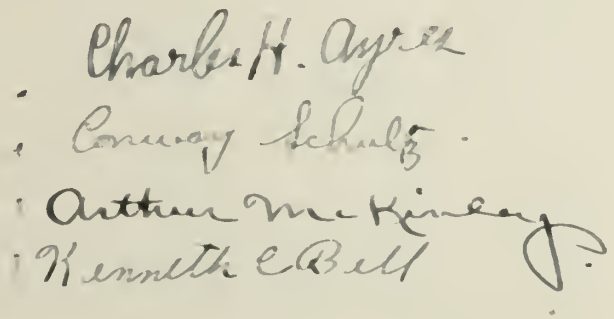
J. P. E., '27.

Phillips Terhune
Ronald R Sloane
Elvin H. Cox.

JUNIOR SCHOOL HISTORY

THE Junior School's aim is to prepare the younger boys for the Upper School. The lower department of the Academy has been a very important section of the school. The individual histories of the members of the school are as follows: Charles Hamilton Ayres did not enter Dummer until just before the Christmas vacation, but he made the Honor Roll during the month of March and was elected President of his class in April. He has been assistant baseball manager this season. All the other members of the school entered last September. Kenneth Cleveland Bell took part in all Junior sports. He took the part of "Rachel" in the entertainment at the church and had an important part in "The Golden Doom." He is Secretary and Treasurer of his class. Harry Cole is a day student but remains out at the school for all the forms of athletics. Arthur Francis McKinley made a letter in basket ball, was on the decoration committee for the Moody House dance, served one month as a member of the Governing Committee of Moody House, was elected Junior School Historian, and has

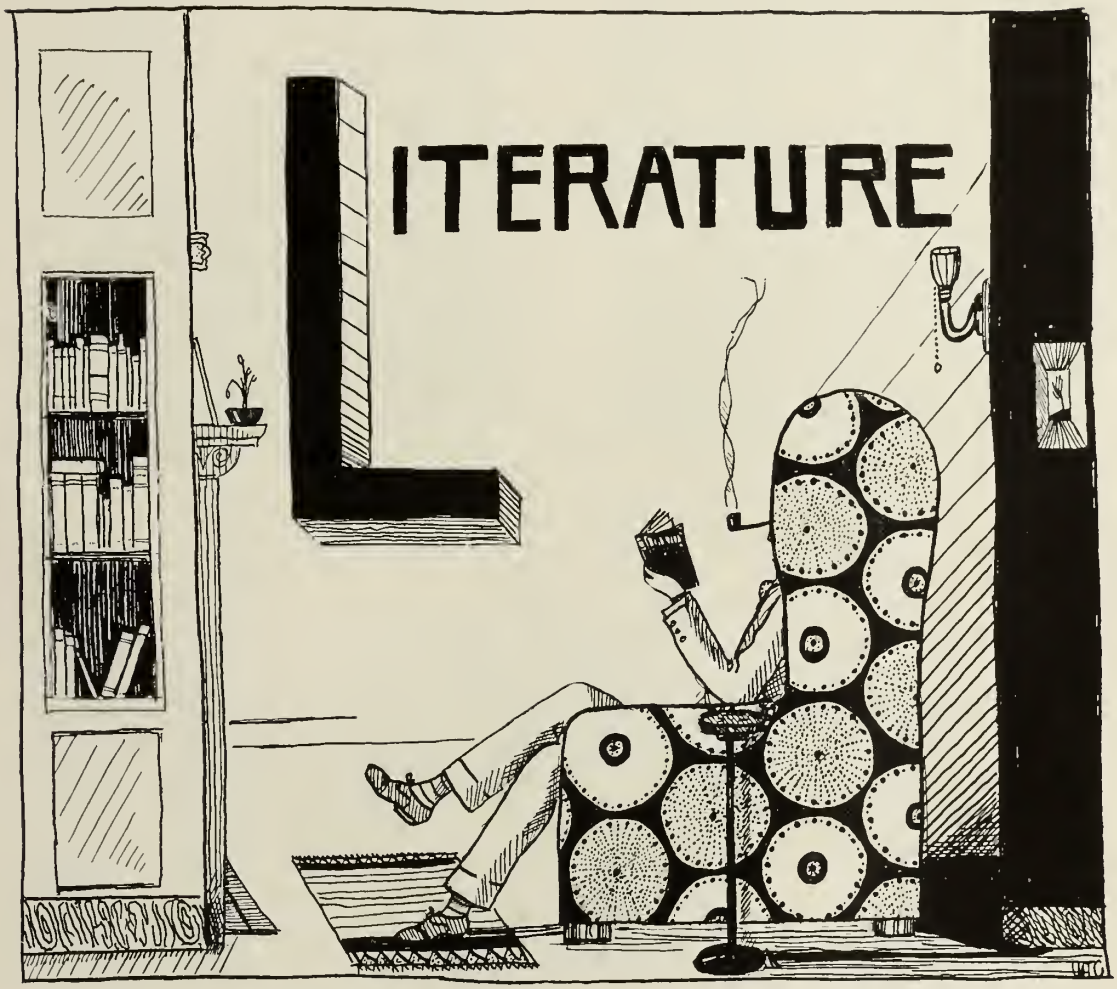
taken active part in all Junior athletics. Wilbur Hammond Russell made his football letter last fall, though he is the youngest boy in school. He also had a part in the "Golden Doom." Conway Schultz won a letter in Junior football, made the school Honor Roll in December, served one month on the Governing Committee of Moody House, was on the decoration committee of the Moody House dance, played the part of "Spy" in the "Golden Doom" and is Vice-President of the Junior School. David Richard Elwell Woodbury made the school Honor Roll one month.



SCHOOL GROUP

HONOR ROLL

Charles Hamilton Ayres
Daniel Adams Brown
Paul Capron, Jr.
George Alden Edson
James Bronson Gardiner, 2nd
Russel Dike Hamilton
Travis Northrop Ingham
Takanao Kuki
Gerald May
Cyrus Farley Morse
Clifford Spalding Ray
Conway Schultz
Ronald Robie Sloane
Everit Bogert Terhune, Jr.
Phillips Glover Terhune
Richard Elwell Woodbury


LITERATURE

LEONARD MUNN FOWLE, JR.

"The Gale"

FIRST PRIZE

Milestone Short Story Contest

PAUL CAPRON, JR.

"All's Well"

SECOND PRIZE

Milestone Short Story Contest

THE GALE

A FOGGY morning in September, 1910 ushered in the first incident of the queerest of adventures I have known. At the time, however, the incident made little or no impression upon my mind; so I will relate the whole story to my listeners.

On this typical English morning, I walked into the Royal Exchange and into Lloyds'. As I moved about among the busy throng of merchants, ship-owners, brokers, and seafarers, I heard the following announcement made:

"S. S. Aurelian, British Tramp Steamer, Quebec to Labrador Coast. Foundered, Straits of Belle Isle. All lost. Wreckage picked up on Cape Whittle by mongers."

As I said, the announcement had no interest for me, and it was soon out of my mind as I went about my business; for I was sailing that evening for Calcutta.

I, Amos Mason, am a plain man. I'm an American by birth, being born in Grindstone, Maine, up in 'Roostook County, at the headwaters of the

Penobscot. The old gentleman still works a farm. I was the oldest of three boys. At fifteen I ran away and got a job on a coasting schooner. Jim, the second son, he went to Portland and went to work in a bank. He married a nice girl, and they have a large family. My youngest brother, Bob, didn't turn out well. The folks had great hopes, but he fell in with a bad crowd, disgraced the family, and ran away before he was eighteen.

I bummed up and down the coast for three years; then I got a job on a tramp and spent two years seeing the world. Now mind you I ain't boasting; but at twenty I had my mate's papers, and at twenty-four I was a full-fledged skipper. I'm thirty-eight now and command a ten-thousand-ton freighter. Which isn't so bad for a plain man.

The last week in May, 1911 I brought the Sybaris into New York from a nine months' trip around the world. I went down to see my folks and my brother. Got a telegram to hurry back to New York and sailed three days later for the Labrador Coast.

We made a fair passage to Rigolet on Hamilton Inlet. Ten days I think was the time. At Rigolet, our ship which was one of the largest ever seen on the coast, attracted a lot of notice from the natives and Indians. There an unkempt and bewhiskered individual put in his appearance. He came alongside in a dinghy, came aboard and begged me with tears running down his cheeks to take him back to God's country. After making some inquiries, I decided to let him work his passage back to Canada or the States. No one in Rigolet knew much about him, he had turned up in the late fall from nowhere.

The next month, we visited Hopedale, Hebron, and Fort Chino, and then started back for St. Johns. As this was the season of icebergs, I decided to make the return passage by the Straits of Belle Isle. All went well until we were off the East Cape of Anticosti Island. The sky had been overcast all day, and the sea had that calm oily look that precedes a storm. A southerly storm struck in about six bells in the afternoon, and by the second dog watch a heavy sea was running up the Gulf. The mate had just brought the log book for me to sign the day's record, when a commotion was heard forward.

A moment later the cook, a fat Frenchman named Pierre, burst in wild eyed, and cried:

"Diable! Dieux! Le diable iz loosed! Save us monsieur, le captaine!"

Mr. Canning, my mate, and I made our way to the for'castl' and found there a state of dire confusion. Bill, as the man I had taken compassion on was called, was racing around the for'castl' with the leg of a table in one hand and a seaman's knife in the other, at the same time shouting: "I am the devil! Hell is let loose!"

With some difficulty we succeeded in disarming him, then we tied him to

his bunk. By this time faces and bodies began to appear from under the table, and heads appeared behind various objects. The scene was melodramatic but amusing. The man raved throughout the night but in the morning was very apologetic, laying his actions to fits of which he was subject.

All through that day and the night that followed we plowed through a rolling sea toward St. Johns. There was no wind; the air was heavy and the sea restless. The next morning at daybreak a gale was upon us. The wind reached the velocity of ninety miles an hour, and waves rose to enormous heights. I had never seen a worse storm in these latitudes, especially in the summer. There were times when the waves almost enveloped us, mountainous seas crashed down like tons of granite on the for'castl', and at times it seemed as though the deck would break.

Soon after the storm was fully developed, we had a raving maniac again. Bill was tearing about the ship on a wild rampage. We expected him to be washed overboard any moment; but we had not the time to bother with him, so busy were we with our own struggle against the sea.

Suddenly the ship seemed to quiver, to shake, and to be lifted by the sea and thrown into space. The engines had stopped; and we were at the mercy of the wind, the rain, the sea, and the storm. What had happened? We were not long in doubt, for the voice of the chief engineer came up the speaking tube.

"Mr. Sears speaking! That damned maniac . . . came down in the engineroom and threw a wrench . . . into the engine. Broke some of the machinery, and we haven't another part on board. . . . Doubt if we can make a makeshift part either," fairly shouted the chief while punctuating his speech with oaths.

That was cheerful news; for the wireless had been damaged by the storm, and we had unpromising prospects ahead. All through that day, that night, the next day, and the next night that followed, the maniac raved and raved, while the ship tossed at the mercy of the waves.

On the third morning, about six bells in the third watch the storm lifted. Just before noon Mr. Lee, the second mate, had occasion to go down into the hold. At the bottom of the ladder he found Bill huddled in a heap, unconscious. We removed him to the sick bay and found him to be suffering from concussion of the brain and possibly a fractured skull.

Evidently during the morning about the time the storm began to lift, Bill, on one of his wild rampages, had tried to go down into the hold. Whether he had fallen the whole forty-five feet or only part of it, we never found out.

For six days we were blown seaward by the strong westerly gales that came with the clearing weather. We were unable to repair the engine or

the radio. Not a vessel of any description was seen during this time. The vast expanse of water would have made us insane but for two things.

The first was the fact that we were all busy repairing the damage to the vessel. The engineroom crew and the "black gang" worked incessantly in an attempt to repair the engines. The rest of the crew were busy with patching up the rigging, the smashed lifeboats, and the battered superstructure.

The other thing that kept us from brooding too much was Bill. All this time he lay in a coma, sinking lower and lower hourly. We began to lose hope, and at the end of the six days we believed it only a question of hours for Bill. Then miracles began to happen.

When the second storm struck us, we were about 125 miles northeast of Cape Breton Island. The storm had driven us within 50 miles of land; then, the westerly gales had blown us approximately 120 miles to the eastward. This placed us on the edge of the Grand Banks, and the soundings confirmed this. We knew we were almost sure to sight a banker if nothing else before long. So, except for our thoughts of poor Bill, we were in a happy mood.

It was dusk when the lookout picked up a steamer bound in for Quebec or Montreal. We sent up distress rockets, which were soon answered by the vessel. The steamer proved to be the "Empress of India" from Liverpool. We sent a boat to her, and it returned with the necessary parts to repair the engine, also a surgeon. The doctor saw Bill and told us there was no hope and it would be useless to move him aboard the liner. He gave us no encouragement whatever.

At nine the next morning the engine was started. I was with the patient then who appeared to be near the end. When the engine started, the throbbing shook the whole ship, and to our amazement the maniac rose in his bed—

"Amos! Amos! Take me! Please take me back to the folks in Grindstone," he cried without opening his eyes.

I was thunder struck, but I knew the truth. Bill was my brother, Bob. I knew he would get well, although the others still shook their heads.

I ordered the ship to steer for Portland Head. In the forty-eight hour run to Portland I never left the sick man's side. He improved rapidly, and little by little he told me his story in broken remnants between fitful naps. I will not bother my reader with more than a few important facts of what he told me.

After leaving home, he had lived a rotten life all over the world. Like all State of Mainers the sea had lured him; so September, 1910 found him returning from the Labrador Coast on S. S. "Aurelian." The steamer had stayed a little late in those latitudes and the "line storm" hit them off Cape

Whittle. The ship foundered off the cape, and the last thing "Bob" remembered was seeing the crew swept off the deck by a mountainous wave. He remembered nothing more until he found himself in Rigolet. Whenever a storm came, he had a fit and was a raving madman for a time.

When my ship turned up, he wished to return home; but he was afraid to disclose his identity for fear I would turn him down. How he ever crossed the wilderness from Cape Whittle in early winter will always remain an unsolved mystery.

Reaching Portland I resigned my command before I was fired for so flagrant disregard and breach of marine law as I had shown in not making St. Johns and Halifax. We took the train to Grindstone after spending a week with my other brother in Portland. I stayed at home for two years working on the farm, but the ship scarcity brought me back to the sea in 1914. Bob went to sea at the same time; he got a ship of his own, and we are keeping the Stars and Stripes afloat.

ALL'S WELL

TOM RANDALL burst into his room, cursing like a trooper. His roommate, in the familiar pose of the radiator club (feet on radiator, eyes on Cosmopolitan) swung off the radiator and around to greet him.

"You certin'y look tearin'," remarked the suave Cosmo fiend.

"Tearin', my Lawd!" shouted the red faced Tom. "Fifteen demerits foh non-reg. shoes! That D. O. picks on us because we ah from South o' the line an' he's a damned Yankee. Fifteen demerits —oh hell!"

"You, oh, you had an engagement foh Saturday afternoon, I take it?"

"Well, not exactly an engagement. I was going to look for someone—"

"In the hopes of seein' her again?" the other interrupted gently. "*Ah've* had that feelin'," he remarked, falling back into his most pronounced drawl. He spoke with the accumulated wisdom of twenty-one years. Now, twenty-one years may not seem so many; but when three of them have been spent in the Navy, there is no limit to the wisdom of twenty-one years. His roommate sighed. He, too, was no novice at the thrill of hoping and waiting.

"How's the show coming?" Tom inquired.

"Oh, so-so. I've learned my lines, but I've got orders not to tell anybody my part."

"Awdahs, awdahs! I'm sick of awdahs," said Tom, the thought of his fifteen demerits making him drawl again. "Some day ah'm going to fohget mahself and tell the officials of this academy what I think of 'em."

"You've got the Academic Blues," replied his "roomie," whose name,

before I forget it, was Lee Davis. "Remember a 25 on the bush is worth two in the hand." (The "bush" is the unsatisfactory list.)

"Oh, I'm sat enough," said Tom.

"Then you are more violently in love than I thought possible at first sight. Where did you see her?'

"In the auditorium, lookin' at the flags. She is cer'nly one of the most beautiful creatures I ever saw."

A light began to dawn on Lee. "How was she dressed?"

"Some thin thing. Seemed a bit out of season, but I'm not the one to criticize."

The light became a glare. "Why, I know that girl. She was just in town for a week, and she's gone now. But you can write to her, if you like." He gave an address in Baltimore. Then he went gleefully out to enlighten the third deck. That evening he wrote to Baltimore.

Weeks passed. Letters had been going back and forth between Bancroft Hall and the Baltimore address. At first they had been rather cool, showing real effort on the part of Tom Randall. No, she was afraid she couldn't come to the New Year's Hop. Soon the letters got warmer and warmer, until they were getting quite slushy. Yes, she was coming down to the Masquerader's show anyway, to see Lee act. She was a relative of his. Hadn't Tom known? No, Tom must not meet her at the train; he must not see her until she arrived at the play.

At last! The great night on which he was to see her! He walked over to the auditorium, his head among the angels. He secured a seat near the exit, where he could get out if she signalled to him. He wondered if she would recognize him from Lee's description. He looked about just before the lights went out. Disappointment chilled him. Well, he would find her after it was over. He glanced at his program. "Janette Carr—L. Davis." His roommate would be funny as a girl. The curtain rose; there seated at the telephone was *the* girl. He glanced at the program once more and fled from the gallery, breathing terrible oaths about one Lee Davis. But who had answered his letters? That question puzzled him. He looked up. He thought he had heard a step. Was he crazy? Stark, staring, mad? For there she was, walking toward him.

"I answered those letters," she said.

"But—but, who in the devil are you?" he blurted out.

"I'm Lee's twin sister. You see, the day you saw him in costume he wrote and told me that you had confessed you had fallen in love with him and asked me to answer your letters. Of course I did it, but you, can you ever forgive me for being an accomplice to such a trick? Lee told me that all Bancroft Hall laughed at you behind your back for falling in love with your roommate."

"They won't laugh when they see you. How did you know I was the man?"

"Lee said that if anyone with a real red face came out of that door cursing as only a midshipman can, you were he."

"My letters have been a dead give away," stammered Tom.

"So have my answers," she confessed shyly.

"You mean—?—" he queried joyfully.

She nodded and dropped her eyes.

The rest was easy. If the watchman at the door saw anything happen in the end of the dark hallway, he said nothing.

THINGS WE LIKE

Young ladies; candy; ice cream cones;
And checks from home, and telephones;
Vacations; dances; breaking rules;
To beat the teams of other schools;
The faculty outside of class;
A three-base hit; a forward pass;
The track; the tennis courts; the gym;
A muddy Parker River swim;
To sleep; to bluff; to win a "D"
And wear it for the world to see;
To go away from school, and then
To grumble when we're back again . . .

THINGS WE DON'T LIKE

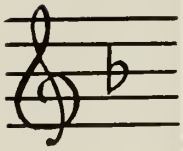
To learn our lessons; to recite;
To go to bed at ten each night;
Midyear exams; New England storms;
The bells that echo through the dorms;
Demerits; socks that have no mates;
The way a student waiter waits;
Alarm-clocks; church; the calomel
They give us when we are not well;
The E's and F's on our report;
To have to walk to Newb'ryport;
The marks we work off one by one;
The referee at Pinkerton . . .

LINES TO THE GOVERNOR'S GHOST

Governor Dummer, what do you think,
When into our midst as a ghost you slink?
How many changes do you see
Since seventeen hundred and sixty-three?
What do you think of the clothes we wear,
And our hats and our ties and the parts in our hair?
How do you like the big board track,
And the gym, and the football quarterback?
What do you think of the girls we bring
To the dances now; they're not a thing
Like the beautiful portrait of your spouse
That hangs on the wall of the Mansion House;
What do you think of Wilbur, and Hannah,
And Lonny Whalen upon the piano?
What's your opinion of Harry Cole?
And the body of students as a whole?
Who is an asset, and who is a loss?
Who'd get demerits if you were the boss?
Looking around, do you smile? or mope?
Oh Governor Dummer, give us the dope!

THE GRADUATE'S SONG

Oh, here's to Dummer Academy,
The place where they made a fine lad o' me,
Put sense in my dome,
Then sent me back home—
Now both of my parents are glad o' me.

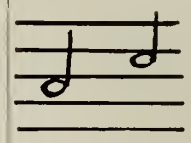


ODE

M. A. Kilvert

(Tune—Fair Harvard)

Once more we unite in the shade of these trees,
In this spot to our memory dear;
While the voice of old comrades is borne on the breeze
To us who are gathering here.
O Dummer, fair Dummer, we come back to thee,
As children returned from afar
To the mother who cherished and taught them to be
True men, whom no baseness should mar.
It is long since we left thy safe sheltering arm,
To battle for thee and for Right;
But thy sons have preserved thy dear honor from harm,
Though many have fallen in fight.
O Mother, today as we stand at thy knee,
Thy children again as of yore,
We ask but a fresh inspiration from thee,
To ennoble our lives evermore.



ON THE FIELD

(Tune—The Caisson Song)

On the field, never yield,
As we drive our victory home,
For old Dummer goes striding ahead.
Hear them roar, more and more,
Plunge right through and make a score
While old Dummer goes striding ahead.

Chorus

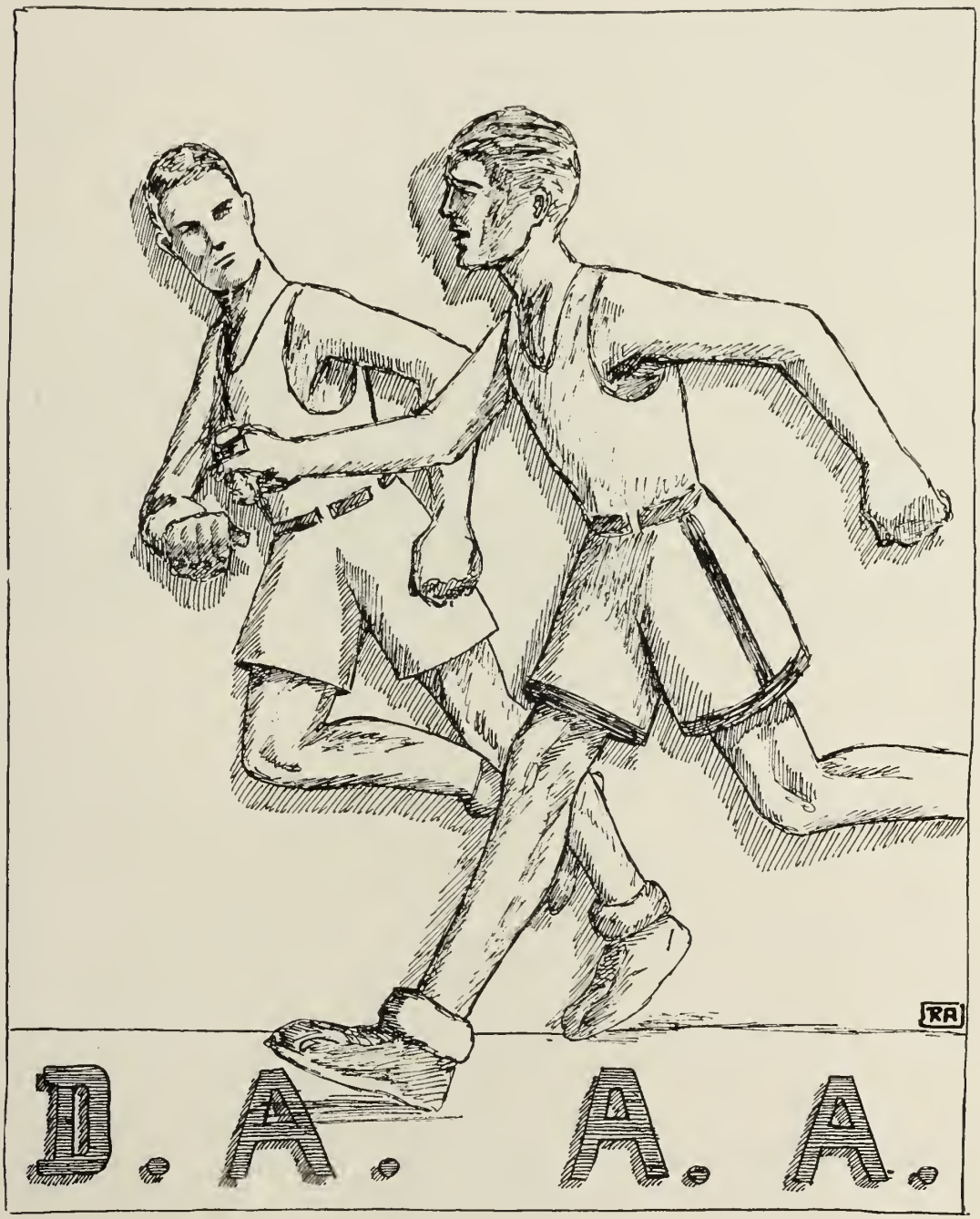
Then it's hi! hi! hee! On the field for victory,
Shout out your signals—shift and spread,
Hit the line hard, be upon your guard,
For old Dummer goes striding ahead.

YARD BY YARD

Yard by yard we'll fight our way,
Thru Powder Point's line;
Every man in every play,
Shining all the time;
Cheer on cheer will rend the air,
All behind our men;
We'll fight for dear old Dummer,
And win and win again.

DUMMER CHEER

D-u-m-m-e-r, D-u-m-m-e-r,
Dummer, Dummer, Rah! Rah! Rah!
Team! Team! Team!


RA
D. A. A. A.

FOOTBALL 1923

Everit Terhune	Captain
Mr. Comerford	Coach
Ellison Morse	Manager
Lee Bowman	Assistant Manager

THE TEAM

Boyd, le	H. Stone, lg	MacLeod, qb	Ferdinand, fb
Whalen, lt	Kenny, rg	Hinds, rhb	Capron, fb
Casgrain, lt	Osgood, rt	Albertson, lhb	Forsberg, c
	Terhune, re	Walkley, lhb	

FOOTBALL

DUMMER ACADEMY has a right to be proud of her football team of 1923. The eleven, captained by Everit B. Terhune, Jr., and coached by Walter A. Comerford, will rank among the foremost Dummer Football teams of all time. The team after a disastrous start overcame many obstacles and handicaps and finished the season amid a blaze of glory.

A fair-sized squad reported to our new coach, Walter A. Comerford, former Boston College captain and star, on the day after the opening of school. Only three veterans, Capt. Terhune, Forsberg, and Ferdinand, were left from the previous year. The remainder of the squad consisted

of inexperienced players. Although the student body was ready to support the team, they were a little dubious in their expectations; however, Coach Comerford had a surprise to spring on October sixth.

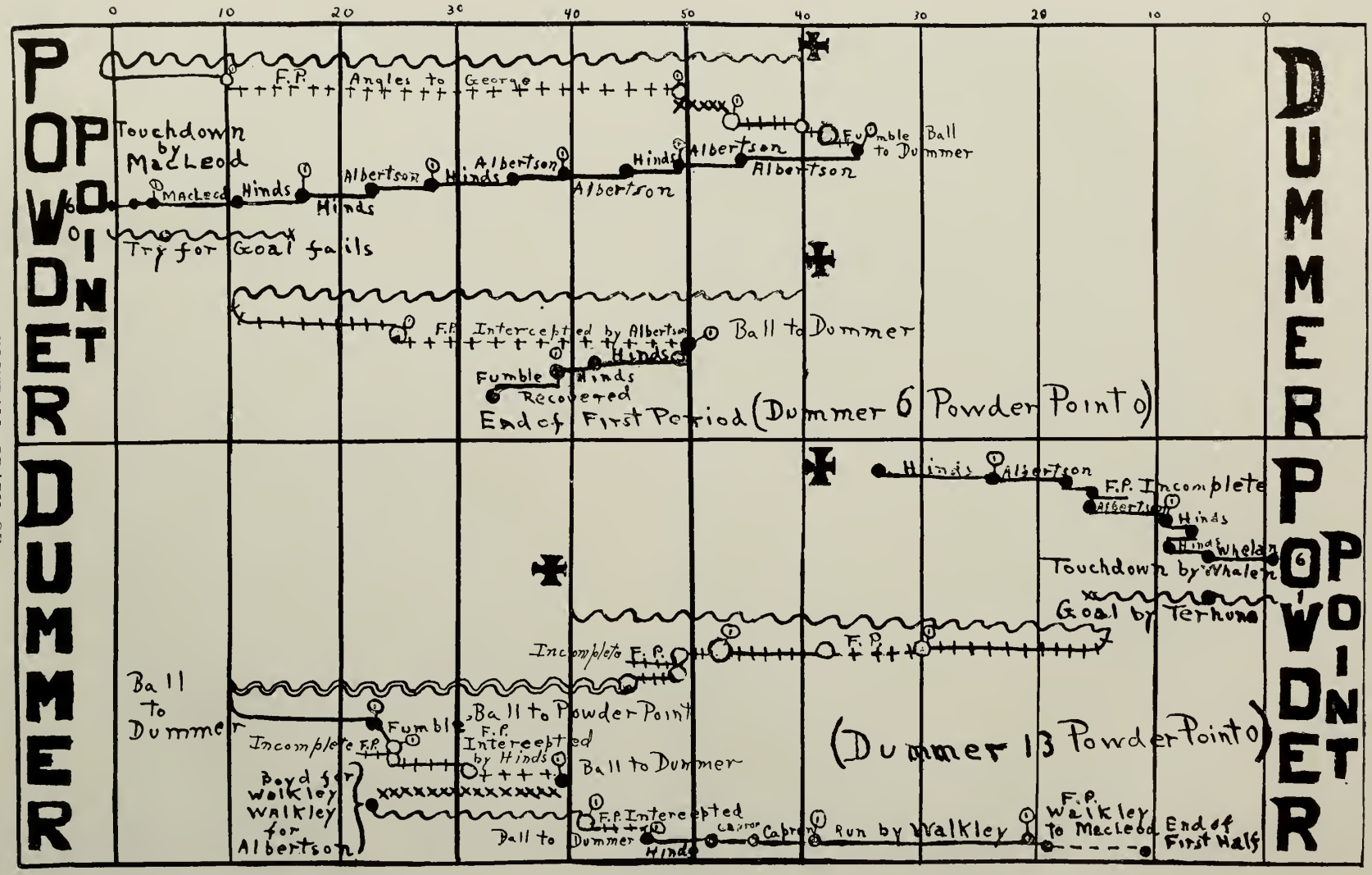
The opening game was played on the home field with the Beverly Reserves. Out of chaos Coach Comerford had brought a team which lined up thus: Terhune and Boyd, ends; Carpenter and Allen, tackles; Stone and Kenney, guards; Forsberg, center; MacLeod, quarter; Hinds and Albertson, halfbacks; Ferdinand, fullback. This team rolled up a large score against the visitors, scoring almost at will from the weaker opponents. Captain Terhune, MacLeod, Boyd, Ferdinand, Hinds and Forsberg were the individual stars.

The high hopes which ran through the school during the week that followed were given a rude jolt on the unlucky thirteenth. On that day we were soundly trounced by the veteran Noble and Greenough School eleven at Dedham. Several changes had been made in our line-up during the week; Chandler and Casgrain replacing Carpenter and Allen at the tackles, and Walkley alternating with Albertson at left halfback. The defeat is generally laid to the fact that our men were "green" and inexperienced. The score would have undoubtedly been larger had it not been for the exceptional work of Captain Terhune and Ferdinand.

The team made a great come-back at Pinkerton on October twentieth and would undoubtedly have won had there been competent officiating. The team was called upon to play over an hour and a half when they should not have played more than forty minutes. During the progress of the game Coach Comerford was insulted and assaulted by a mob of mill workers. Many times throughout the game the referee and the other officials showed an utter lack of knowledge of the football rules. One change was made in the line-up; Walkley starting at left end in place of Boyd. The Academy eleven scored first in the second period when Albertson went over on a line plunge and Ferdinand annexed the extra point. Late in the third quarter, when the game should have been over, Pinkerton scored a touchdown. With the score tied Rice of Pinkerton made a field goal on a protested play and broke the tie. The game is generally considered a moral victory rather than a defeat. The whole team played well.

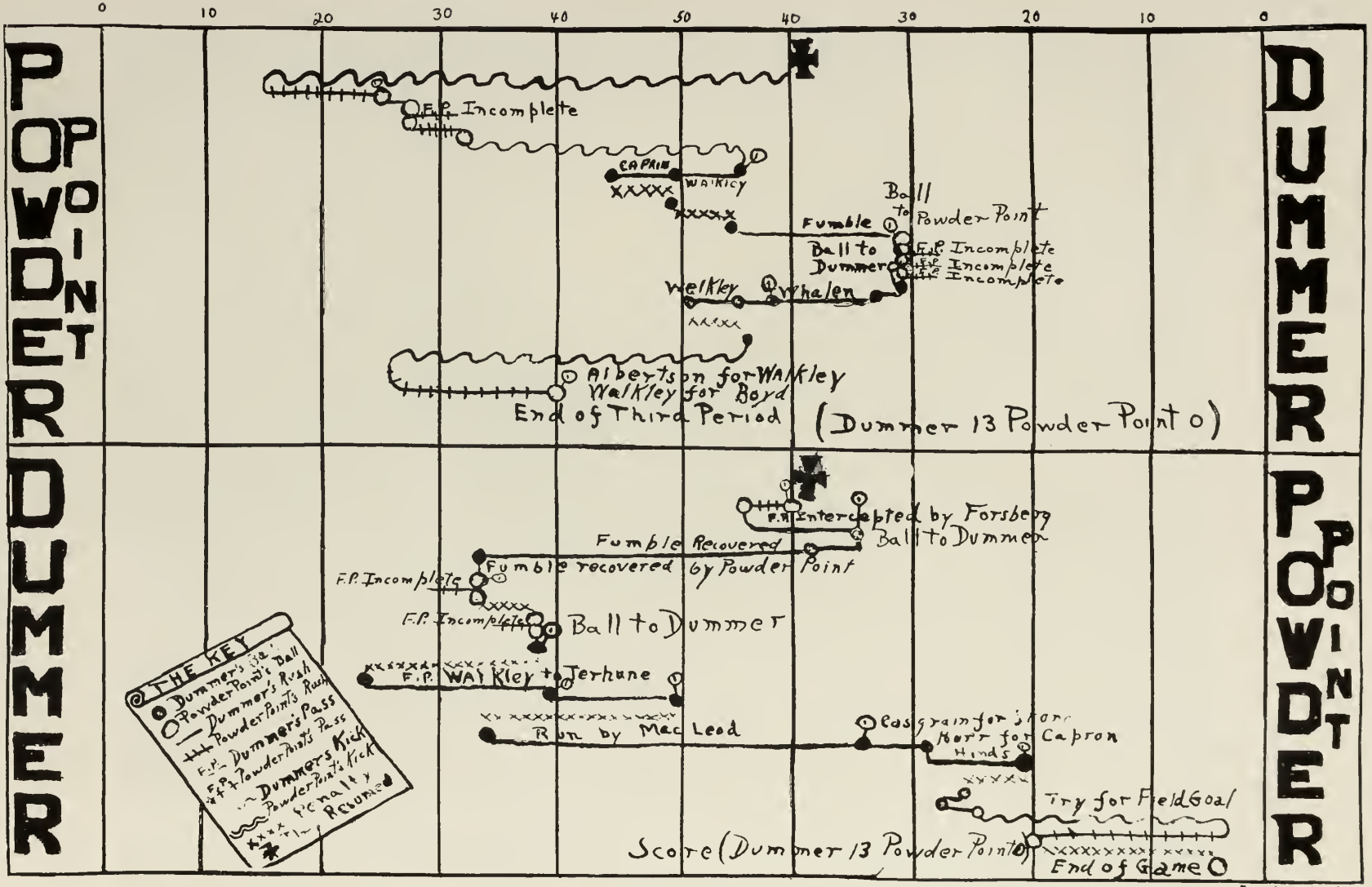
An injury jinx was the next opponent. Before the game with Manchester, Ferdinand, the star fullback, became sick and was lost to the team for the season, and Walkley was shifted back into the backfield; at the same time Boyd went in at end, and Osgood relieved Chandler at tackle. Manchester proved easy for our rapidly developing machine, and we won by the tune of 32 to 0. Captain "Terry" Terhune and Hinds made spectacular runs while Walkley, Forsberg, Albertson and MacLeod starred.

A week later Dummer trimmed Manning 28 to 7. The backfield worked



FOOTBALL GRAPH OF

FIRST HALF



DUMMER-POWDER POINT GAME

SECOND HALF

L. M. F. Jr. 24

well, but the line, especially the guards and tackles, appeared weak. Injury deprived the team of Albertson; but Capron, who filled in his shoes, performed creditably throughout the season. Captain Terhune, MacLeod, Hinds, Forsberg and Walkley starred for the Academy.

November 10, 1923, is a date that will live long in the football annals of the school. On that day the team of 1923 came into its own. What happened on this memorable day? Dummer Academy defeated the much tooted Allen-Chalmers eleven, 7 to 0. During the week Walkley joined the cripples, Horr substituting for him, and Whalen was shifted into left tackle position. This change wrought a wondrous change in the whole line. The guards and tackles which had been very weak suddenly became impregnable. The result was that Allen never got a yard beyond our forty-yard line throughout the game. In fact the heavier and more powerful Allen team was played to a standstill by our light team into which Coach Comerford had instilled such a wonderful spirit. MacLeod scored a touchdown in the first quarter, and Captain Terhune kicked the goal. The team had two other chances to score, but failed. The whole team played wonderfully, and there were no individual stars. Everyone gave his best.

The Academy closed its season November 17th by winning the objective game with Powder Point, 13 to 0. The cripples, Walkley and Albertson, returned to the game; otherwise the line-up remained unchanged. Powder Point won the toss and received the kick-off, but after pulling off a spectacular forward pass surrendered the ball to the Academy. Dummer then made a sixty-yard march for a touchdown. In the second period after another march Whalen took the ball over, and Captain Terhune kicked the goal. The rest of the game Dummer remained on the defensive. The whole team played well. Captain Terhune, Hinds, MacLeod, Forsberg and Whalen starred.

The white "D" on a red field was awarded to Captain E. B. Terhune, Jr., Captain-elect N. E. Forsberg, Manager J. E. Morse, Jr., T. F. MacLeod, J. W. Hinds, W. P. Walkley, P. Capron, Jr., W. H. Albertson, N. R. Boyd, H. B. Stone, W. H. Kenney, 2nd, L. H. Whalen, I. Osgood, Jr., E. A. Ferdinand and H. E. Casgrain. Four men only will be lost by graduation, so there is a good outlook for next season.

THE SCORES

Dummer	47	Beverly	7
Dummer	0	Noble and Greenough	23
Dummer	7	Pinkerton	10
Dummer	32	Manchester	0
Dummer	28	Manning	7
Dummer	7	Allen-Chalmers	0
Dummer	13	Powder Point	0
	134		47

L. M. F., Jr., '24.

TEAM CAPTAINS

TEAM MANAGERS

TEAM CAPTAINS

Travis Ingham ..... Track
Everit Terhune ..... Football, Hockey
John Hinds ..... Baseball, Basket Ball

TEAM MANAGERS

Farley Moore ..... Hockey
Leonard Fowle ..... Basket Ball
Roberto Andreani ..... Track
Frank McKinney ..... Baseball
Mr. Farrell ..... Faculty Manager
Ellison Morse ..... Football

BASKETBALL 1923–1924

John Hinds.....Captain
Mr. Reagan.....Coach
Leonard Fowle.....Manager
William Flye.....Assistant Manager

THE TEAM

John Hinds, rf
Lawrence Whalen, lf
Nils Forsberg, c
Antonio Martinez, rb
Curtis Watkins, f
James Gardiner, lb
Ernest Ferdinand, c

BASKET BALL

UNLIKE the football and track teams the basket ball season was not very successful. At times the team showed real flashes of brilliancy, but these were spasmodic and few and far between. Captain John W. Hinds' team, however, tried hard; and Coach Francis J. Reagan has developed some valuable men for next year.

A good-sized squad reported to Coach Reagan soon after the Thanksgiving recess. Among the veterans of other years were Captain Hinds, Ferdinand and Whalen. A few others had had experience in other schools or on our own Junior teams. Out of this material Coach Reagan developed several good players.

A new feature was introduced this year into the schedule, in that the second team played a regular schedule of its own. This should be a great help in developing players for next year. Incidentally two second team men were raised to the first team during the season. These men were Forsberg and Horr.

The team started off the season with a victory over Emmanuel Boys' Club by a small margin. After vacation the team lost to the Haverhill Boys' Club and Lawrence Academy and then won from Manchester by a good margin. Next the fast Alumni team pinned a defeat on the Academy five in an overtime game; then followed a long losing streak, defeats being registered by St. John's (twice), Lawrence Academy, Allen-Chalmers and Sanborn Seminary. The team made a come-back against Burdett, but fell back in the rut against Rivers School. The team flashed against Boston University, 1927, and won the final game from Johnson High.

The seconds made a better showing, defeating West Newbury High School (twice) and Sunshine A. C. and losing to Groveland and Haverhill H. S. seconds.

The white "D" on a red field, the basket ball insignia, was awarded to Captain J. W. Hinds, Manager L. M. Fowle, Jr., E. A. Ferdinand, N. E. Forsberg, C. G. Watkins, A. Martinez, J. B. Gardiner, 2nd and L. H. Whalen. The "D A" was won by A. W. Horr, F. Ruiz, P. Capron, Jr., W. Cadigan, R. D. Chandler and H. Lopez.

THE SCORES

Dummer	23	Emmanuel	21	Dummer	14	St. John's	17
Dummer	11	Haverhill	38	Dummer	10	Allen-Chalmers	45
Dummer	8	Lawrence	21	Dummer	10	Sanborn	33
Dummer	34	Manchester	17	Dummer	28	Burdett	18
Dummer	34	Alumni	38	Dummer	7	River's	43
Dummer	8	St. John's	18	Dummer	28	B. U. 1927	18
Dummer	16	Lawrence	25	Dummer	30	Johnson	8

TRACK 1924

Travis Ingham.....Captain Mr. W. B. Skerrye.....Coach Roberto Andreani....Manager

TEAM

Travis Ingham.....Distances, High Jump
Ernest Ferdinand....Dashes, Relay, High Jump
John Hinds.....Dashes, Distances, Shot Put, Relay
Lawrence Whalen....Dashes, Relay
Neal Boyd.....Relay, Distances

TRACK

CAPTAIN INGHAM led his track team through a successful season for the second time. The outlook was not so bright at the beginning of the season, as Coach W. B. Skerrye had only three veterans and a score or so of green men to work with. As a result Dummer lost her first meet with Noble and Greenough. The Dedham school had a veteran, well-

balanced team, with good men in every event. This was the best outfit our team had to face during the season, and it is unfortunate the meet came so early. After this setback, however, the team came through in fine style with victories over two old rivals, Roxbury Latin and St. John's, and one newcomer, Country Day.

Captain Ingham's work in the 1000-yard run was steady and consistent, especially considering the fact that the 1000 always followed the high jump in which event he was also one of our mainstays. He ran his best race against Roxbury Latin, winning in 2.46.

The work of Ferdinand in the dashes and high jump was remarkable. He lost only two races during the season—the 20-yard dash against St. John's, as a result of a poor start; and the 300-yard dash at Country Day, which was won by Whalen. He pulled a big surprise by winning the high jump at Country Day at the height of 5 ft. 4 in.

Hinds only lost one 600-yard run during the entire season. He was in four events in every meet and showed ability to handle them all well. Boyd ran good races in every meet, getting two third places and tying for second, as well as running on the relay team.

Until the last meet, our greatest weakness lay in the shot put. In the final encounter Nils Forsberg missed out on a first place and a letter by only $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. His put of 35 ft. 9 in. is a fine example of what steady practice will do. Likewise Chandler showed great improvement, and won third place in the Country Day meet with a heave of 35 ft. 4 in.

Whalen came through for a place in the 300-yard dash almost every time and was a good relay man. Although Valentine came out two weeks late, he won a third in the 1000-yard run against Country Day.

And now for Dummer's undefeated relay team. The relay, consisting of Ferdinand, Hinds, Whalen and Kuki, won at Noble's by a good margin. Then Kuki cut short his track work by contracting the mumps, and Capron filled in creditably against St. John's. Finally Boyd was chosen to run in the anchor position, and this combination worked well against Roxbury Latin. All these races showed the decided superiority of the Dummer team, as Ferdinand always turned in a good lead which his mates had no difficulty in maintaining.

To those who trained hard all through the season and were unable to collect the five points necessary for a letter, the school extends its hearty appreciation of their spirit and wishes them better luck next year. The spirit shown both by the runners and supporters was fine and is highly commendable. The schedule of points won during the season is as follows:

Ferdinand $49\frac{3}{4}$ Hinds $28\frac{3}{4}$ Ingham $21\frac{1}{2}$ Whalen $10\frac{3}{4}$ Boyd $5\frac{1}{4}$ Forsberg 4
Capron $1\frac{1}{4}$ Kuki $1\frac{1}{4}$ Valentine 1 Horr $\frac{5}{6}$

SCORES

Dummer	18	Noble and Greenough	41	Dummer	$30\frac{1}{2}$	St. John's	$28\frac{1}{2}$
Dummer	$42\frac{1}{3}$	Roxbury Latin	$16\frac{2}{3}$	Dummer	$34\frac{1}{2}$	Country Day	$19\frac{1}{2}$

BASEBALL 1924

John Hinds.....Captain Mr. Reagan.....Coach Frank McKinney.....Manager
Charles Ayres.....Assistant Manager

TEAM

Gardiner, 1b	Kuki, 3b	Chandler, p	Watkins, cf	Forsberg, c
Hinds, 2b	MacLeod, ss	Ferdinand, lf	Morse, rf	Fitzsimmons, p
		Sleeper, lf		

BASEBALL

THE prospects for a successful baseball season are very promising. Captain-elect Harry Haley did not return to school, so John Hinds has been elected captain. Besides Captain Hinds there are three other letter men to build a team about, Gardiner, Forsberg and Ferdinand. Baseball practice was started in gymnasium for battery men a couple of weeks before the spring vacation. However, there was no outside work until after the return to school.

At the time of going to press the team has played two games. The first game, with Hampton Academy, was a veritable rout for the visitors, who were held scoreless by the Academy nine. In the meantime our players had succeeded in amassing eighting runs in six innings, at the end of which time darkness prevented further playing. The team showed that it had brilliant prospects, when the rough edges are smoothed. A few days later the Academy dropped a close game to Noble and Greenough's School of Dedham, 7 to 6. In this game Chandler showed great promise, holding the visitors to five hits. The Academy team proved that it had a real punch in amassing twelve hits, but some sloppy work in the field defeated the Academy. The Noble's team rates high in the private school ranks; so the defeat is nothing to be ashamed of. The followers of the nine have high hopes for a good season.

At present the team is: Chandler and Fitzsimmons, pitchers; Forsberg and H. Stone, catchers; Gardiner, first base; Captain Hinds, second base; MacLeod, short stop; Kuki, third base; Ferdinand, left field; Watkins, center field; Madden, right field. The other members of the squad are: pitchers, Hamburger and Valentine; catchers, Bowman; infielders, Capron, Sleeper, J. Stone and Fitzsimmons; outfielders, Morse and Berry. Coach Reagan is very pleased with the showing of the team in the first two games and predicts a successful season. The schedule follows:

April 19	Dummer Academy	18	Hampton	0
April 23	Dummer Academy	6	Noble and Greenough	7
April 26	Dummer Academy	5	Amesbury	22
April 30	Dummer Academy	8	Groton	18
May 3	Dummer Academy	14	Lawrence	13
May 7	Dummer Academy	10	Manchester	5
May 10	Dummer Academy		Amesbury	
May 14	Dummer Academy	1	Middlesex	
May 17	Dummer Academy	18	Manning	21
May 21	Dummer Academy	6	Lawrence	11
May 24	Dummer Academy	7	Powder Point	14
May 31	Dummer Academy		Thayer Academy	
June 7	Dummer Academy		Alumni	

HOCKEY 1924

Everit Terhune.....Captain Mr. Farrell.....Coach C. Farley Morse.....Manager
Eben Jackson.....Assistant Manager

THE TEAM

Everit Terhune	Left Wing	Nils Forsberg	Left Defense
George Edson	Center	Lee Bowman	Right Defense
Thomas MacLeod	Right Wing	Isaac Osgood	Goal Guard
Wyatt Albertson	Right Defense	Norman Schultz	Center

MINOR SPORTS

HOCKEY

THE hockey season, although disastrous so far as victories are concerned, served to develop players for another year, and in that measure might be called successful. Captain E. B. Terhune, Jr., and Forsberg were the only men with any experience on the squad, and Coach Farrell had a hard task on his hands. Although, the team did not win any games, it was able to tie the fast Chelsea sextet, and it held St.

John's, one of the fastest preparatory school teams, to 4–0 and 2–0. The team showed improvement in each game it played, and might have broken into the winning column had the weather not interfered. Among the teams played were Manning High, Middlesex School, Beverley High and Amesbury. The red "D" with the crossed hockey sticks was awarded to Captain E. B. Terhune, Jr., N. E. Forsberg, L. D. Bowman, G. A. Edson, I. Osgood, Jr., T. F. MacLeod, N. Schultz, W. H. Albertson and C. F. Morse, manager.

TENNIS

While the tennis team has not played any games at the date of going to press, Coach P. B. Skerrye predicts a successful season. There are several fine tennis players in school, among them E. A. Ferdinand, last year's singles and doubles champion; Takanao Kuki, Curtis Watkins,Neal Boyd, William Cadigan. Matches have been arranged with St. John's and other teams. The team will probably enter the Harvard Interscholastics at Jarvis Field in June.

GOLF

After a lapse the school will be represented on the links again this season. The school has arranged with Mr. Lowe, the professional at the Ould Newbury Golf Club, to help coach the team. Among those interested in reporting for the golf team are: Everit Terhune, William Carpenter, William Kenney, William Cadigan, Takanao Kuki, Roland Hall, William Flye, George Edson and Ellison Morse. A match will be played with St. John's and other matches are pending.

SPRING TRACK

Captain Ingham is planning to take his track team to the Haverhill Stadium for the Essex County Track Meet on the thirty-first of May. Last year the team made a good showing, finishing fourth in the point scoring, breaking one record, (Morris of Dummer now holds the record for 100-yard dash in $10\frac{3}{5}$ sec.), amassing points in several events, and winning the relay against Amesbury. This year Captain Ingham will run in the half mile and Hinds, who won a heat in the 100-yard dash last year, will run the 100-yard and 220-yard dashes. Among the others who should figure prominently are Neal Boyd, Takanao Kuki, Nils Forsberg and Lawrence Whalen.

INTER–MURAL SPORTS

Owing to the heavy schedules of the Varsity sport units, there has been little time for inter-mural sports this year. The Upper Middle Class defeated the Seniors in basket ball. A track meet was arranged, but could not be run off. The "Awkward Squad," captained by E. Randall Jackson, defeated the Junior team at football, 31 to 0. The usual tennis and golf tournaments will be run off and possibly some inter-mural baseball will be played.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL 1923

James Stone . . . . . Captain
Mr. Farrell . . . . . Coach

TEAM

Gerald May	James Budgell	Harry Cole	James Stone
Daniel Hall	George Phillips	Eben Jackson	Conway Schultz
Clifford Ray	Wilbur Russell	Phillips Terhune	Russel Hamilton
	John English	Ronald Sloane	

JUNIOR ATHLETICS

JUNIOR athletics have been very successful this year as compared with last year. The boys took much more interest this year in the sports than they have done in the past, and a good football team and an equally good basket ball team have resulted. There was no track team owing to the lack of good material.

The Junior football team, coached by Mr. Farrell, was a considerable improvement over last year's team. Out of the five games played three were lost, one was won, and one was tied. The first game was played with the Jackman School of Newburyport. The Juniors totally outclassed their opponents, and the resulting score was fifty-eight to nothing. English making five touchdowns, May making two touchdowns and Stone making

two touchdowns, were the leaders on the Junior team. Sloane made four goals after the touchdowns. The second game was played with a team of High School boys from Newburyport. The Juniors this time were outclassed and they suffered their most disastrous defeat. The score was sixty-four to nothing. The third game was played with the Kelley School of Newburyport. The teams were evenly matched, and the final score was thirteen to thirteen. Stone played the best offensive game, making two touchdowns. Sloane kicked the goal after the touchdown.

The next week the Juniors again played Kelly School; but they did not put up so good a fight as they had in the previous game, and consequently they were defeated. The score was twenty-six to seven. Stone made the only touchdown for the Juniors, and Sloane kicked the goal after the touchdown. The final game was played with Dummer's "Awkward Squad." Every member of the Junior team was outweighed with the possible exception of Dan Hall. The result was a defeat for the Juniors. The final score was twenty-five to nothing.

Last year, as so few boys went out for it, there was no Junior basket ball team. This year was just the opposite, however. Four games were played with outside teams; two of which were lost, and two were won. The first game was played with the Clover A. C. of Newburyport. This team was very superior to the Junior team; but the Juniors played an excellent defensive game, and as a result their opponents were only able to score two baskets and one foul. The score was five to nothing. The second game was played with the Kelley School of Newburyport. The Juniors were anxious to avenge their football defeat, and they put forth their best efforts to win. The Juniors did win after a hard struggle. The score was eleven to eight. Sleeper with his uncanny eye made three baskets; Cox, one; McKinley, one; and Flanders made a goal from a foul. The third game was played with the Jackman School of Newburyport. Things looked very dark for Juniors until Sleeper made four baskets in rapid succession in the last three minutes of play. The score was: Dummer Juniors, seventeen; Jackman School, twelve. Sleeper made seven baskets and goal from a foul; Flanders made one basket. The final game was a return game with the Clover A. C. The Clover A. C. again proved to be the better team, and the score was twenty-seven to seventeen in their favor. A game was arranged with the Boy Scouts of Newburyport, but they cancelled it.

We hope that the Junior baseball team will surpass all other Junior teams. There is no lack of material and most boys enjoy playing it more than any other game. Let's go, Juniors!

G. M., '26.

'FERDY

'TRAV'

'NILS'

'TERRY'

'Doc'

'LORNIE'

T McL

VARSITY LETTER MEN

Ferdinand	4	Casgrain	1
Hinds	4	J. E. Morse	1
Forsberg	4	Watkins	1
Whalen	3	Martinez	1
MacLeod	2	Bowman	1
Capron	2	Edson	1
Gardiner	2	N. Schultz	1
E. B. Terhune	2	H. B. Stone	1
Boyd	2	Andreani	1
Albertson	2	C. F. Morse	1
Ingham	2	Fowle	1
Walkley	1	E. R. Jackson	1
Kenney	1	Mulholland	1

C'EST À RIRE

JOKES

Helen: "Your false face is the funniest thing I've ever seen!"
Jack: "Do you really think so?"
Helen: "Won't you unmask?"
Jack: "No!"
Helen: "What's that in your hand?"
Jack: "My false face."

Cadigan: "Hey, that wasn't the tooth I wanted pulled."
D. D. S.: "Calm yourself, I'm coming to it."

"What's George doing now?"
"Film business."
"Huh? Actor?"
"Nah—tooth paste."

Dum: "Are you sure your folks know I'm coming home with you?"
Dummer: "They ought to; I argued with them for a whole hour about it."

P. B., hearing noise in rear of room: "Jackson, are you talking?"
Jacks: "Yes. But don't be impolite. I wasn't talking to you."

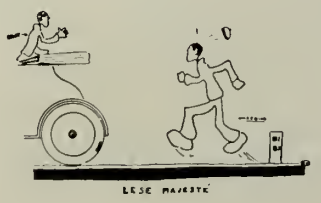
Salesman: "Dese is a fine soot; all wool but d'buttins. D'ya want belt in d'back?"
Mully: "No; do you want a kick in d'pants?"

Cass.: "I'm half inclined to kiss you."
Kelly: "How stupid of me; I thought you were merely round-shouldered."

Hall, R.: "Gee, I got a ride to town today with a swell Jane."
Schultz, N.: "Yes, I saw that fellow."

A Master is a man who teaches a few classes to get his mind off of his spec scores.

Trav: "I feel awfully weak."
Grimes: "That's natural, this is a week day."



Lem: "Pretty good coffee for breakfast, huh?"
Capron: "Aw, I never drink coffee for breakfast. It keeps me awake all morning."

Coach Comerford: Never play football with your mouth open. When you brush your teeth you might find an extra ear.

"If I only had a golf club," sighed the convict as he looked at the ball on the links.

Chandler at Raymond's: "I'd like to see something cheap, in a felt hat."
Clerk: "Try this on. The mirror is at your left."

Judge: "Twenty days for vagrancy. Lock him up, Dan."
Mose: "But, your Honor, I am not as corrupt as Swift, as dissipated as Poe, as depraved as Byron, or as pervert as—
Judge: "That will do. Get the names of those other fellows, Dan, and bring them in. They're a bad lot."

Mother: "That was very foolish, daughter dear, going riding with Boyd after the dance. Weren't you cold?"
Daughter: "Yes, mother. Good, and cold."

The "Milestone Board" regrets to announce the omission of a good joke about Cadigan's goloshes as lack of space forbids.

C'handler
F**E**rdinand
Mo**S**eley
Mar**T**inez
Bowm**À**n
Hambu**R**ger
C a s g r a **I** n
G a r d i n e **R**
V a l e n t i n **E**

WE WONDER WHY:

"Mully" goes to Canada every summer?
Hamburger never makes his letter?
Ferdinand fits?
Jackson goes to Arlington?
Boyd has so many boxes of shoes?

THE FACULTY AT PLAY

CAN YOU IMAGINE:

Boyd playing "post office"?
Ferdinand "working" marks?
Mully with a grouch?
Jack without a girl?
"Skipper" without a "globe"?
"Pop" Reagan with a car?
Boyd treating the "gang"?
Dummer without brats?
Kenny without flashy clothes?
Valentine with an original joke?
Daniel Hall giving anything away?
Capron awake all day?
"Pop" Farrell without his puns?
"P. B." without a butt?
Terry late to breakfast?
Whalen without "little Farley" to pet?
Mr. Faust playing "spec"?
Hinds not eating?
Gardiner grown-up?
"W. B." not being a "fresh air fiend"?
R. Hall admitting he didn't know every thing?
Chandler not selling something?
Bowman without his white hat?
Mr. Webber feeling like getting up?
Carpenter not getting three letters in the mail?
Ingham with a new hat?
Berry not making "breaks" in class?
"Mose" in the lockup?
Flanders being a real hero?
Chandler getting cheated?
Going to school at Pinkerton?
Albertson without his strut?

There is a young proctor, named "Ferdie,"
Who considers himself very sturdy;
He shouts, "What's the matter?
Ten marks for that clatter!"
And then all the Commons grows wordy.

"Carp" is a boy who can draw,
The best artist you ever saw;
You may study his art,
Entire, or in part;
There is never so much as a flaw.

As a quarterback Tommy MacLeod
Makes the rest of us all very proud;
He can signal and run
Like a son-of-a-gun
With his head 'way up there in a cloud.

Did you ever meet old J. B. "Mose"?
Or hear of his troubles and woes?
He's getting quite pale
From living in jail;
And that's where a bad driver goes.

Now here's a line about "Fitz,"
Who in Fitchburg and Gardiner makes hits;
And in Newburyport
He's a sheik and a sport,
In the Premier or Strand where he sits.

We know a good fellow, "Muldoon,"
With everything he's quite in tune;
Pinochle he plays
With his innocent ways;
He'll get into Heaven quite soon.

An upright young fellow is Neal,
As a runner, he's quite the snake's heel;
He's got a track letter,
As a preacher he's better,
He's quite fast (in an automobile).

Have you heard of our pal, "Whostle" Berry,
Who has history with the great P. B. Skerrye?
Well, without saying much,
He was always in "Dutch,"
And his marks didn't all come from "Terry."

I know a fellow named Kuki,
Who liked books if they were called "spooky";
But each night toward the "Mason,"
He was oft seen to hasten;
No more spook tales for the Jap lad, our Kuki.

In Paris our "Terry Tarhoon"
Basked in the light of the moon;
Rumor says he got tight,
But we're not sure that's right—
Our hard-working "Terry Tarhoon."

On the turn-pike our fast stepping "Trav"
The attention of policemen does have
As he tears up and down
In spite of cops' frown—
Our spirited speed maniac, "Trav."

A Knight of the camera is "Val,"
And he falls for many a gal.
His complexion is dark;
At "chem" he's a shark—
Our practical joker, old "Val."

Have you heard of our classmate, Lem Fowle?
He makes the most terrible howl;
If you rumple his hair
He will go on a tear—
Our sweet "Gloucester Fisherman," Fowle.

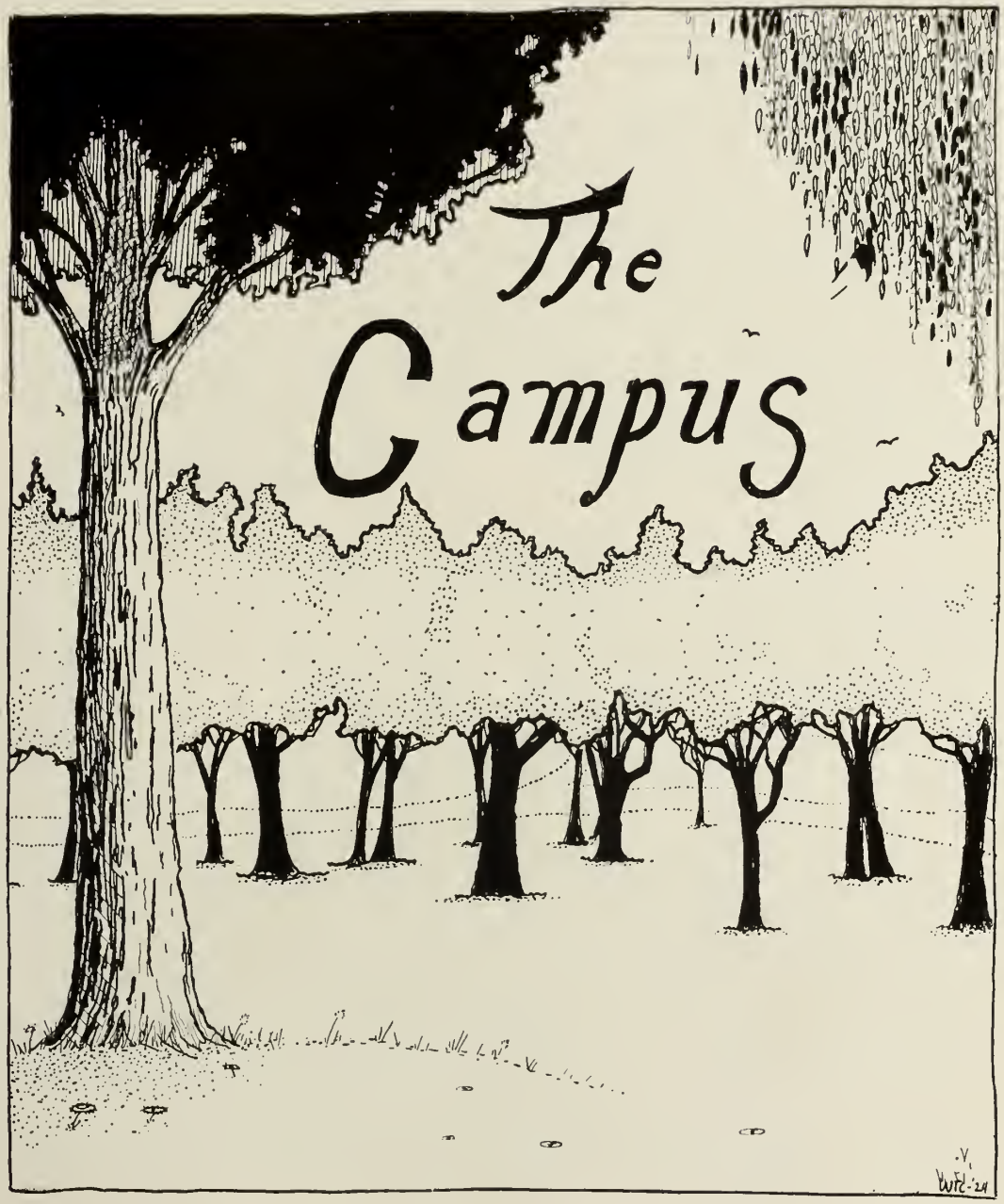
BALLAD OF A BONEHEAD

I'm very poor in History,
My Latin is just Greek to me,
Of language spoken in Paree
I know no words but "Oo-la-la!"

For squares on the hypotenuse
I simply haven't any use,
In English I am quite obtuse,
And even worse in Algebra.

I don't know what it's all about,
I never bother to find out,
I'll flunk again this year, no doubt,
And get the marks I've always had.

I am so dumb, you'd wonder why
I go to school, or even try—
If you must know, I'll tell you: I
Am forced to do so by my Dad!


The
Campus

PIERCE HALL LANG GYMNASIUM

THE COMMONS AND PARSONS SCHOOL HOUSE

THE MANSION HOUSE
1718

THE MANSION HOUSE

THE Mansion House, rising so sedately above the beautiful campus, has looked down upon Dummer boys for more than six generations. Built by Lieutenant-Governor Dummer in 1718 as a summer home in aristocratic Byfield, it has gradually become the center of the group of buildings that make up this Academy. Ever since the Governor willed that the house and adjoining grounds should be used as the foundation for a boys' school, the Masters of the Academy have used the Mansion as their home during their stay here. Some of the boys were allowed to room in the upper regions of the building then as now. In the olden times this was an honor greatly sought after.

The Mansion was in such need of repair in 1897 that it was necessary to make a complete renovation. It was desired to keep the original appearance of the house as much as was possible. Therefore the most skilled architects were engaged and so successful were their efforts that the Mansion House as we see it today is almost the identical Mansion House of Governor Dummer. Even the original bricks which were imported from England were retained in the foundations and are there to this day.

As a model of Colonial architecture the Mansion is a source of much interest especially to architects and artists. The front door is very curious. It is ornamented around the sides with bunches of grapes, handcarved and very finely wrought. There is not another doorway just like it in the entire country.

Inside the building the same beauty of construction exists. The panelling in the lower rooms has caused much comment. These were so carefully copied when the house was renovated that they are exactly the same as the originals. Upon these panels hang the pictures of the Governor and his wife. These persons are as much a part of the house as the famous doorway, and it is pleasant to imagine them moving about the large rooms, entertaining aristocratic colonists in knee-breeches and powdered wigs. Most of us are familiar with the noble visage of the Governor. One would never suspect when viewing Lady Dummer's plain countenance that she was the cause of a duel fought by two gentlemen upon the Campus in days gone by.

Many weird tales centre about the Mansion House and its former inhabitants. It is said that at midnight on the evening of the full moon in August the stately figure of Governor Dummer mounted upon a milk-white horse ascends the broad staircase of the House as though reviewing his old quarters. Upon reaching the third story the gallant steed turns and gallops noiselessly down and out the front door onto the lawn.

In the rear of the Mansion House away up under the eaves is a tiny attic. Here the Governor's African slaves were kept in confinement. Until a few years ago the chains, by which refractory servants were forced to stand up during the long night watches, might be seen. On windy nights the souls of the departed slaves were said to return and occupy again the chains which they clanked with ominous clamor.

These are only a few of the many legends concerning the famous house. If any one cares to visit the Governor's Mansion in August and if he is clever enough, he may be able to halt the old fellow on his midnight jaunt and extract from him other tales about his ancient domicile.

T. N. I., '24.

FAMILIAR SCENES

CAMPUS VIEWS

THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE
1763

MOODY HOUSE

MASON COTTAGE

ORGANIZATIONS

THE MILESTONE BOARD

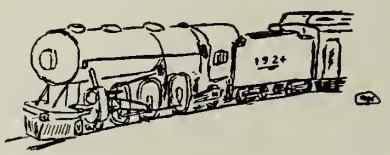
STUDENT COUNCIL

STUDENT self-government worked so well last year in the Commons that it was decided this year to have a regular Student Council to cooperate with the Faculty and Dr. Ingham in making and enforcing the rules of the school.

It was decided that the three officers of the Senior Class and two officers from the Upper and Lower Middle Classes should constitute this body, together with the only post-graduate member of the school. The Council and Dr. Ingham settled quite satisfactorily the matter of smoking, which has always caused a lot of trouble. On several other matters of importance the opinion of the Council has been requested and expressed with the result that a better understanding between masters and students has come about. In the various buildings and especially the Commons, student authority has held sway with the result that there have been fewer calls

for Jim Sleeper to patch up the results of "rough-houses" and that the charge of the buildings has been practically taken out of the hands of the masters, thus giving them more freedom and peace of mind. While student government is still in a primary stage of development at Dummer, it is safe to say that it is here to stay.

T. N. I., '24.



THE ARCHON, PAST AND PRESENT

IN 1897 a school paper made its appearance at Dummer entitled the "Dummer News." This paper was the forerunner of the present "Archon" and did not differ greatly from it. (This may not have been the first school paper published here, but our historical knowledge only goes back as far as 1897.) This new sheet was published more or less regularly until 1905, when either enthusiasm waned or no faculty advisor could be found to sponsor the paper. That position is said to have carried most of the work with it. Not until 1912 was any other publication put out by the students, as far as we have been able to find out, when the Dummer "Archon," a tri-yearly magazine, first appeared. In each issue of this magazine were three or four stories, write-ups of athletics and school events,

and a few jokes. This form of publication continued until 1922–'23, when no method of financing the "Archon," which had been continually running into the hole, was found. Last year the only publication issued by the students was the Senior Class yearbook.

This year the "Archon" reverted to the form of the old "Dummer News" and became a newspaper to be published ten times during the school year. Mr. Farrell consented to act as faculty sponsor and an editorial staff was chosen consisting of Ingham, '24 and Fowle, '24, editors in chief; Capron, '25, associate editor; Berry, '24 and Phillips, '26, business managers. This year it has been the "Archon" board's aim to publish a paper that would keep the Alumni in touch with the school and the school with the Alumni, that would give people interested in the school an idea of what we are doing, and that would interest the fellows. Whatever success we may have achieved has been in a large degree due to Mr. Farrell, and we take this occasion to thank him for all the time he has given.

P. C., Jr., '25.

DRAMATICS

DURING the winter term several of the fellows became interested in giving a play. Nothing definite, however, was done in connection with dramatics until Mrs. Ingham asked for volunteers to furnish an entertainment at a church gathering.

This appeal was well responded to. A short one-act comedy-tragedy was procured and learned. Fitzsimmons did wonderful work in filling the part of the ingenue, while Carpenter played opposite him in the role of the fortunate suitor. Terhune furnished a great amount of enjoyment while playing the role of the rejected suitor. Kenney played the part of the heroine's mother with Ingham, a typical country father, playing opposite him. E. R. Jackson acted the part of the maid most cleverly and ingeniously.

Great enthusiasm was aroused after the presentation of this so-called "A B C Tragedy" and now among some there are plans for a more pretentious play to be given in the near future.

This is the first time for some years that such interest, not to speak of talent, has presented itself, and it is hoped that next year a Dummer Dramatic Club can be established.

Sometime in May a group of the younger boys in school, under the direction of Mr. Faust, expect to give Dunsaney's "The Golden Doom." This will be given on the campus with the handsome front door of the Mansion House as a background.

W. H. K., 2nd, '25.

Society

SENIOR PROMENADE

AT a meeting of the Senior Class it was decided to hold the Senior Promenade at the Ould Newbury Golf Club on Saturday evening, May 17. A committee consisting of Ferdinand, Jackson and Terhune was elected to take charge of the affair, and they have already engaged Sid Reinherz's Orchestra, one of the best in Boston. With this good orchestra it is expected that the Prom will be one of the best in years, and it is expected that a large number of the Alumni will be present to make the party successful. The matrons are: Mrs. Everit B. Terhune, Mrs. Hattie M. Ferdinand, Mrs. C. S. Ingham, Mrs. Wirt G. Faust and Mrs. Walter J. Farrell.

E. B. T., Jr.

SENIOR BANQUET

THE pleasures of the past spring vacation were heightened by the memorable occasion of the Senior Party. On Thursday, March 27, most of us Seniors appeared at the Harvard Club, where the feast was to be staged through the kindness of Mr. E. B. Terhune, the father of our Class President.

A private room and a table, attractively set, awaited us. Then, in the vernacular sense of the word, the battle was on. Those who had starved and stinted during the week in preparation for this sumptuous spread did justice to the turkey, while the rest of us were undaunted and followed suit. When the demolishment of this epicurean repast was complete and the air had taken on a bluish hue, some one made the move that we start for the theatre before the last act was over.

Our distinguished assemblage filed down the aisle of the Colonial just as the curtain was about to rise for the first act. As we occupied the front row (orchestra) none of the audience could neglect to notice this imposing representation of the elite of Dummer Academy.

"One Kiss" was a rather light, frothy affair but was enlivened the more by a small but very choice selection of sparkling demoiselles and a few good tunes. Mr. Neal Boyd's inevitable blush cast a ruddy glow on the stage while the encores were heartily backed by the rest of us.

At the close of the show, the party, in high spirits brought on by the palatable dinner and the smiles of the footlight belles, dispersed, unanimously declaring the occasion an unparalleled success.

W. T. C., '24.

THE JUNIOR PROMENADE

THE Junior Promenade was held in the Lang Gymnasium on Saturday, April 26, 1924. The gymnasium was decorated very oddly yet artistically in the class colors, purple and orange. A stage was built in one end of the hall upon which the orchestra, the so-called Ted Wright Orchestra, was seated. A center decoration in the form of a light added to the attractiveness of the decorations. All the lights were dulled by colored crepe paper so that the colors did not seem so bright. One corner of the room was decorated so it looked not unlike an alcove with a table, lamp, and comfortable chairs. At about ten forty-five refreshments were served by Austin, a caterer. After a brief intermission an elimination dance was announced. The young lady of the couple winning this dance was given a bouquet of flowers. Dancing was in full sway until twelve when a waltz was played, and after a word with the hostess the assembly broke up. One might well say that the Promenade was the greatest success held in many years and everyone seemed to have a very enjoyable time. The patrons and patronesses were: Dr. and Mrs. C. S. Ingham, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Farrell, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Faust, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Brush, Mrs. Bowman, Miss E. J. C. Robinson, Mrs. W. H. W. Hinds, Mrs. McKinney and Mrs. W. H. Kenney. The fellows on the Reception Committee were: John Hinds, Albert Horr, and Paul Capron. C. F. Morse, H. B. Stone, R. Andreani, G. A. Edson and W. H. Kenney had charge of the decorations. Music and Refreshment Committee consisted of J. E. Morse, J. Hinds and A. Horr.

FOOTBALL BANQUET

THE Dummer Football team was banqueted at the Academy Saturday evening, December 8. The Dining Hall, the scene of the festivities, was prettily decorated with Dummer banners, evergreen and festoons of ground pine. Back of the head table were hung two large crimson banners reading "Dummer 7, Allen 0 and Dummer 13, Powder Point 0." Cockade hats and other favors added to the color of the setting.

The out of town guests present were Coach Walter A. Comerford, Mr. and Mrs. Terhune of Swampscott, Dr. William Walkley of Chelsea, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Kenney of Leominster, Mr. Harry Cole of Newburyport, Dr. Stone of Boston, Mr. Allen of Boston, Mr. Charles Somerby, Sporting Editor of the Haverhill Gazette, Mr. Storer Humphreys of Newburyport.

During the course of the evening, Allen, Albertson, Boyd, Cadigan, Capron, Kenney and Ray of the Dummer Glee Club sang the "Winter Song," under the direction of Mr. Faust.

Many humorous telegrams of congratulation to the team coach and captain were read by Doctor Ingham. The Doctor then told of a telephone call which he had received for William Dummer, who has been dead for over a century and a half. He remarked that the Governor sometimes rode down the Mansion House stairs on his white charger in August. Suddenly the room darkened, a scuffle was heard outside and the Governor himself appeared, impersonated by Mr. Webber of the faculty. He made a short speech on the changes which had taken place since he had left this part of the country.

Doctor Ingham as toastmaster, declared that football, if conducted correctly, contained the essentials that make for success in after life. He expressed his gratitude for what the team had done this year. He then called on Coach Cumerford, the man directly responsible for the team's success.

When the Coach arose he received an ovation that showed how much the Academy appreciated his fine work this fall. He spoke briefly on the necessity of loyalty and cooperation not only on the football field but also in after life. On the whole he thought that the team had come through the season in a wonderful way. He congratulated captain-elect Fosberg on his election and prophesied a successful season under his leadership. He presented the Varsity letters to the following: Captain Everit B. Terhune, Captain-elect Nils E. Fosberg, Henry B. Stone, William H. Kenney, Neal Boyd, William P. Walkley, Wyatt H. Albertson, Thomas MacLeod, John W. Hinds, Paul Capron, Lawrence Whalen, Isaac Osgood, Ernest A. Ferdinand, Homer S. Casgrain and James E. Morse, Manager.

Mr. Farrell gave a short talk on the Junior team, showing it to be the necessary "incubator" for the First Team. He then presented the Junior letters with a witty remark about each player to the following: Captain James Stone, Ronald Sloane, Russell Hamilton, Daniel Hall, George Phillips, John English, Clifford Ray, Wilbur Russell, Harry Cole, Norman Schultz, Phillip Terhune, Eben Jackson, Gerald May, James Budgell. Captain Stone thanked the team and May presented Mr. Farrell with a few remembrances.

E. Randall Jackson, Captain of the "Awkward Squad," introduced as the hero of the evening his roommate "Captain Terry Tarhoon."

The captain thanked the team for its good work and the student body and friends for their support. He thanked Coach Comerford for his patience and presented him with a silver cigarette case on behalf of the team. An attempt to get Captain-elect Fosberg to speak failed.

Mr. Everit B. Terhune, father of the Captain, was the last speaker. He claimed the distinction of traveling the farthest to see a Dummer game this season. He was attending a League of Nations' conference, at Geneva as a delegate at the time and declared that he abbreviated the visit, saying to an inquirer, "I'm beating it back to Boston and then to South Byfield, because Allen-Chalmers and Powder Point are playing Dummer." This is a distance of about 4000 miles. Mr. Terhune said that victory is built on an accumulation of defeats. Therefore a defeat is a valuable lesson.

A vote of thanks was tendered Miss Moody, the matron, who prepared the excellent menu. The singing of the football songs brought an end to the festivities.

L. M. F., Jr., '24.

CHRISTMAS DINNER

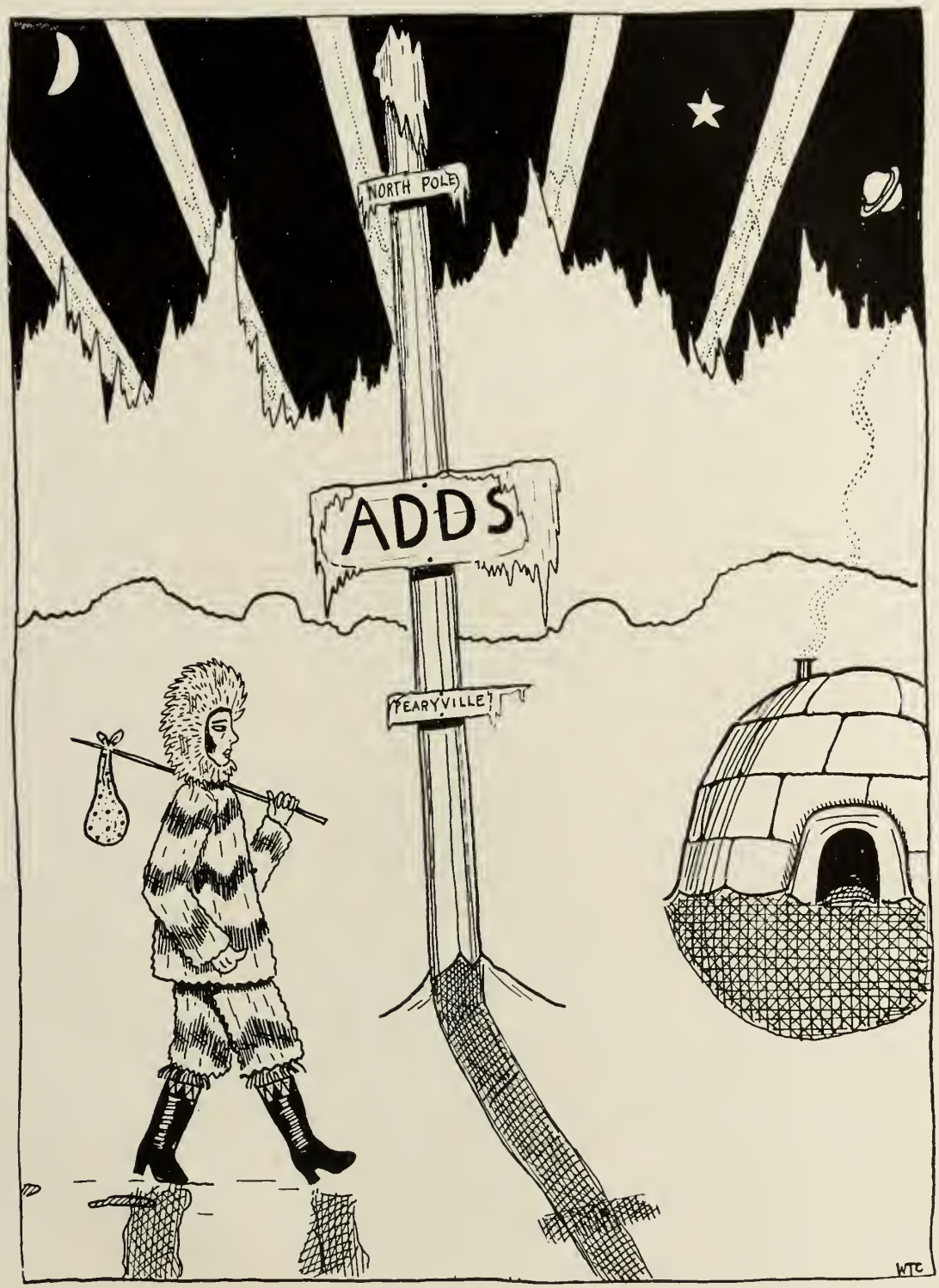
True to the ancient and time-honored custom, the Dummer Christmas Tree entertainment came off a few days before the Christmas holidays. Christmas cheer and goodwill abounded.

A committee composed of Messrs. Ferdinand and Terhune, under the able and perspiring leadership of Mr. P. B. Skerrye, chose the gifts. After spending innumerable afternoons in Newburyport and nearly driving the clerks of the Woolworth Building of Newburyport crazy, a performance which was followed by much knotting and rolling and wrapping of packages at Dummer, the tree was finally made ready and stood forth in all its laden glory. Dummer's only society, the Smoking Club, was generously remembered. A rubber door-mat, an ash tray and felt weather strips for keeping in the hot air were among the articles presented to the members of this noble institution.

Mr. "P. B." himself received a handsome watch to enable him to rise and shine at the correct and appointed time. All the presents had morals, very pointed morals in some cases, based upon the weaknesses or strong points of the individuals.

The whole affair was certainly a most successful one and the cheers given the committee clearly showed the appreciation of the hard work expended by them.

P. C., '25.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Mr. and Mrs. Leonard M. Fowle

COMPLIMENTS OF

A FRIEND

Compliments of

A Friend

COMPLIMENTS OF

A Friend

G. M.

J.S. "Chas" Ayres

So. "Buzz" Hamilton

F. "Pinkie" Sloane

J.S. "Pat" Russell

J.S. Kenneth C Bell

F. Johnnie "English"

F. "Bud" "Budge"

J.S. "Dick" Woodbury

F. "Ed" Hall

F. Vincent Perez

F. Henry Lopez

So. James L Stone

F. Richard W. Flanders.

F Adolph D L Matthes

So. Royal D Chandler

Lawrence C. Brown. "Elsie"

Ralph L Kasper "Jim Jr."

Daniel A. Brown "Dan"

Wm G. Cadigan "Spokane"

Roberto Andreani P.N.F.

Henry B Stone

Amos Hamburger

J. Elliot Morse Jr.

Curtis Gullatkins

E. Randall Jackson — "Jack"

James B. Gardiner — "Grimes"

Roland Hall "Sandpaper"

Lee Bowman

Clifford L Ray

George A. Eden

Francisco Ruiz (look funny) R.M.

Anthony Martinez (Mary) F.R.

George M Haley

"Bill" Kinney

C Farley Morse

R. D. Allen "Al"

Eben Jacobson

E V Cox

Wyatt H Atkinson "Dutchy"

William M. Flye

Lawrence Whalen

Frank L. McKinney